

A Viking's Pride

by Paoshirou Hozomi

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Summary: The Lion King II: Simba's Pride!au. For as long as he can remember Hiccup was always told that the Outcasts were bad news and that you must never turn your back on them, but he had trouble believing that when his first friend was an Outcast. To make things more complicated, their friendship flourished, mounting up to forbidden love. What will they do to put an end to this division?

1. Prologue

A/N: Hey folks, so yeah. just to get the ball rolling, I'm posting this. I know the Disney!au cycle doesn't start till after another update of the Nightmare Games, but since this is a prologue, the story doesn't officially start. So yeah. Here it is.

Hiccup - Kiara

Jack - Kovu

Stoick - Simba

Valka - Nala

Drago - Scar

Pitch (but no romance) - Zeera

Manny (but not Stoick and Drago's father) - Mufasa

North - Rafiki

Astrid and Fishlegs - Timon and Pumba

**Snotlout, Aster and Dagur (selected scenes as well for Snotlout and

Aster with Betany's role) - Nuka and Betany**

Gobber and Thiana (shared roles, selected scenes for each) - Zazu

Prologue

**Berk. Twelve days North of hopeless, a few degrees south of freezing to death. It's located horribly at the Merridean of Misery... Or so they say. But the Vikings, also known as the Berkians and the Hairy Hooligan tribe, love the place. It snows nine months a year and hails the other three. In a word, sturdy. It's been seven generations since it was first founded. But all house are relatively new because of the constant repairs needed to be done in a daily basis due to Dragon attacks. It was hard to appreciate even the charming views of the sunsets back then.**

**Back when Dragons were the enemies.**

**Stoick the Vast, Chief of Berk when a great turning point has occurred. He is considered the greatest Chief of Berk by far therefore earning him the title. And he was still alive and kicking. While he was known to be a marvelous Chief with astounding leadership, it didn't make dealing with Berk's problems any easier. Not only did he have to deal with Dragons, the chief's family has brought personal concerns to business matters.**

_**His uncle, Drago, didn't like it that Stoick had to become the next Chief when he comes of age all because he was the son of his brother. He killed his brother the night of Stoick's ascent to becoming Chief and tried killing Stoick as well but the regent proved to be more formidable than his uncle was. Drago was defeated but Stoick didn't want to stain his hands with the blood of a relative, even if his uncle did the exact same thing. And so instead he was exiled. Vengeful, Drago swore he'd return. By recruiting some men, he sparked up a rebellion. Aside from the few Berkians who sided with him, he even secured an alliance with Alvin the Treacherous and his people. Berk was in war for several months not only against the fatal weather, but against both Dragons and the rebels. **__**To make matters worse, on the night where it was reported that the rebels were going to execute a crucial strike, Stoick's wife, Valka, had given birth to their first born. In fact, it was for this very reason that they attack was going to be executed.**_

**To the Chief's horror, Drago had somehow figured out a way to manipulate the Dragons and therefore the attacks intensified, men and women were dying everywhere. The only reason his wife and child was still alive because they were hidden. But that won't last forever. So when the first call of his name from his wife, he rushed towards their home while slaying any rebels who got in his path.**

**When he stormed through the door, what he saw knock the wind out of him. Valka looked just as shell-shock, cause while still in her arms, their babe was laughing amidst the mass destruction outside. Not only that, but he puny arm was outstretched and his hand rested on something dark. Only when Stoick's eyes adjusted to the dark, he realized what it was.**

**The Legendary Nightfury.**

**At that moment, Stoick saw that Dragons weren't what they thought they were. Because if a fierce creature can be tamed by an innocent, laughing infant, how can they be the same as the blood-thirsty devils they always assumed. He had no time to continue marvelling at the scene for Drago stormed in and they were locked in arm to arm combat, his wife and child helpless. And if he were to die, they would be defenseless...**

**The next thing that happened reformed his beliefs completely. When realizing the enemy, the Nightfury attacked Drago when he had Stoick pinned down. Drago struggled but it was to no avail because once the creature launched a plasma blast directly at him he knew he would be done for so he begged for his life. The Nightfury gave it to him, flyign him away from Berk an island. The Nightfury led the counterattack, siding with the Berkians with the purpose to protect the child. The Hairy hooligan tribe subdued the enemy and sent them packing, exiling them to the same island Drago was dropped to, with no means of leaving the island. Not enough trees to make boats and only enough to eat bark to survive.**

**And the war came to a close... But that's only what everyone knew on the surface.**

A/N: Like it, hate it? Please review constructively. Yes, I did not put the Alfa here. You'll find out why later. Next and official first chapter will be both Hiccup's presentation and the meeting with Jack.

^_^ A smile can save a life

2. An Encounter

A/N: Ugh. I don't even know why I still have a cycle. I guess I could just refer to it when I get writer's block or something...

Well, next chapter then. Enjoy.

^_^ A smile can save a life

An Encounter

A Year has passed since the war against both Dragons and the rebels have broke out, and Berk was living at prosperous. After repairing the many damages and mourning over the loss of so many villagers, it was about the right time to celebration the restoration of Berk. And what perfect timing, as the child of the great Stoick the Vast and his beloved wife, Valka, has turned a year old. Tonight, it was his time to be officially presented to the people as Berk's Regent.

Everyone is gathered at outside the Chief's manor, a makeshift stage organized with curtains dividning the entrance of the Chief's home from the immediate sight of the Berkians. Everyone turned as they see the long time appointed Head of Berk's initial defenders, the Guardians, North walking towards the stage to offer the Guardians loyalty to the new regent. The same time he reaches the stage, Stoick and Valka flys out on separate dragons, Thornado and Cloudjumper before being joined together on stage. The Nightfury jumps to the

stage, headbutting the infant before standing beside the other dragons. North and Stoick acknowledges each other with a one-arm embrace. The Head Guardian smiles at Valka, who returned it, before handing over her child. North took him in his arms carefully, walking away from the couple to the edge of the stage where a pedestal was placed. He stepped onto the elevated plane before raising the infant high for all Berk to see.

"May I present to people of Berk, firstborn of Chief Stoick and Lady Valka: Hamish Horrendous Haddock!" North announced in a loud, dignified tone. "Regent of Berk, pledge your loyalty to! Man in Moon, bless the child!"

The Berkians let out their battle cry, pumping their fist against the shield they held, cheering enthusiastically. Stoick puffed his chest proudly, Valka smiles the same manner. The moon brightened, casting its rays like a spotlight to the people on stage, giving its approval and blessing.

The child struggles playfully in North's grip. After much cheering from the crowd, he lowers the child to the village elder who walks up on stage, marking the boy's forehead with the symbol of leadership. The parents approach and Valka takes the child back, Stoick takes his family in his arms, and the babe giggles.

Gobber, another guardian usually in charge of training recruits, stood nearby and walked towards Stoick. He's also the chief childhood buddy and best friend.

"Ah, Stoick-look at that little lad. A chip off the old block! And you gotta know who's gonna train 'im." The blond bearded man laughed, "so how soon can I start?"

Stoick patted his friend back. "Slow down, Gobber, in case you haven't noticed, he's not like me." he pointed out. "I doubt he can break a rock in half with a hammer, let alone with his skull."

"Eh? But you did."

Valka chuckled, shaking her head. "I'd hit both your heads with rocks if you ever ordered Hamish to do that," she pointed out. "he's born prematurely, Gobber."

"In short, he's a hiccup." Stoick placed his hand gingerly over his son's forehead. "but he'll be the best hiccup anyone in Berk has ever known."

Gobber blinked. "A hiccup as future chief?" A child was only considered a hiccup if he is the runt of a litter, so this was astonishing to see that someday this babe would rule Berk. "That's going to be a great feat! I can't wait to see how it'll happen." he laughed.

~o~

The celebration ensues, but North must return back to his duties and write down a report to his fellow guardians. He pushed large doors, more like gates by the size of them, to enter the Guardians Headquarters. Some guardians were either asleep, at the party or on sentry duty. Every now and then, there was the occasional outcast who

trespasses by swimming over to steal food or cattles.

He heads into his workroom where he does his paperworks or unrelated guardians things. North pulls on a cloth to reveal an ice statue of what Manny revealed to him as what Hamish would look like as a young boy.

"Ahh, Hamish. Nice name!" he laughs heartily.

Moon shines down on him, signifying Manny's presence.

"Ooh, Man in Moon! Such day this has been! Regent Hamish's first birthday and presentation... another qualified leader, and Berk's future is once again secure."

Moon shines brighter at the statue, somehow altering the form of the regent's image.

"Aaah! Stop it, stop it, stop it! Manny-look what you doing! The Statue is ruined now. Why do you-" North pauses, his stomach rumbling, and he is beginning to understand. "Ooh... there is trouble," he looks toward the ruined half of the statue, a different person's image being formed as the other half. "He has destined Guardian? what does this mean, you are choosing a guardian personally? But where-" The answer comes by the moon's light blinking somewhat. "In the Outlands...?"

~O~

The Outlands, the landscape a barren plane, with strange rock formations everywhere. An terrible terror lands on the ground. Immediately, a child with white hair and winter-like blue eyes appears, pouncing on it.

"Hah!" The child has it on a headlock, giggling. He lessens his grip slowly, smiles and opens his arms completely, releasing it to fly away.

"Jack!" A dark man, who is supervising, walks towards the boy. He takes a spear and throws it towards the dragon, killing it instantly. The young boy winces, frowning. The man takes the dead dragon by its tail. "Don't let it go, we were lucky enough to find it. What's the matter with you?"

Jack pouted. "But father! He wasn't hurting anyone-" he complained.

"There is no room for weakness here, my son. Whenever dragons land here, they become our only decent food apart from the barks from trees. You must eat them to get more meat in your bones," He threw the dragon to his son and started a fire for cooking. "Remember... Drago chose you to take over him when you come of age once we take over Berk. And when I finally summon the black alfa's aid, that will become a reality."

Jack sat crossed leg, folding his arms across his chest. "But I don't want that, I just wanna play." he whined.

"No... he chose you to become the next Chief in his stead. When you rule, we shall no longer be forced to live in this dry, barren,

disgusting, pathetic, termite-infested island!

The man impales the dragon to set it up for roasting, while Jack looks down, in quiet agreement. Suddenly, Dagur, Snotlout and child twins Tuffnut and Ruffnut come bounding in, fighting to be the first back to deliver some news.

"Lord Pitch, Lord Pitch!" Tuffnut and Ruffnut are speaking over one another, trying to get the first word in.

Dagur speaks up. "We were there-in Berk. We got some extra food saw the whole thing!"

"At the village. We saw everything!" Snotlout followed.

"A party for the Chief's child!"

"So what?"

"Stoick's son is a runt!" Tuffnut exclaimed. "A hiccup!"

Pitch laughs. "A hiccup!" he shakes his head, "Ohhhh, dearest friend...did you hear that? This couldn't be more perfect."

Tuffnut leaned towards his sister. "Who's he talking to?"

"Sssshhh." Ruffnut muttered before answering. "Drago."

Tuffnut gasps. "Where? Where?" He looks around earning a thwap on the head from Ruffnut.

"Drago's dead... genius."

"Yes! If not for that, Drago would have been chief and we wouldn't be subjected to this!"

Dagur coughed. "You know, speaking of chiefs... I was thinking, since I did take out Alvin and got him off your case about being against you as Drago's second-in-command... maybe I should be Chief!" the toddler beamed. "Huh?"

"Uh? Don't be a fool, Dagur." Pitch snorts. "Jack is the chosen one. We must fulfill Drago's dying wish, and train Jack is to become the Chief."

Dagur rolled his eyes, crossing his arms and pouting.
"Whatever,"

Pitch climbs up on a rock point to gaze out over the land. The others follow. But Jack just writes on the dirt, forming no image in particular. "Look at Berk, my pets. So green... so inviting. That is our home... that is where we belong. And soon, my friend," he smiles, talking to the dead man again. "we shall reclaim your land."

~o~

[Time skip]

The sun has just rose on Berk, another new day has begun, and a young

where a four year old boy rushes out to the porch, gazing over Berk and beyond.

"Wow." He giggles continuously, rushing down the long steps down to the village. "Toothless, come out bud!" He yelled and in no time a Nightfury flew down, looking as jumpy as the child was. But before he could mount on it, something catches the boy by the waist.

Stoick carried his son against him. "Whoa. Where d'ya think ye're going in such a hurry?" he demanded. The boy wriggles in Stoick's grasp as he moves him away from the Nightfury.

"Daddy!" The child whined but kept giggling. "Let go!" he keeps giggling as he tries to escape and reach Toothless.

Stoick smirks, crossing his arms. "Well, I just want you to be careful." He says as his son tries to capture Toothless's wiggling tail. Stoick steps on the long fur jacket his son wore to pin him down. "Hiccup... are you listening? Accidents can happen. You could easily get hurt, or stepped-"

Hiccup says this well-practiced line along with Stoick, and finishes it for him. "...Huw, ow stepped on, ow even get lost." he gave his father a knowing look.

"And remember,... I want you to stay in sight of the village at-"

"At all twimes, I know." Hiccup's testy at the repetitive warning; he continues reciting. "And if I see any stwangers, don't talk to 'em. Come stwaight home. Owkay, owkay. Can I go now? Pwease?"

Valka and Gobber enters the scene as Stoick exchanges a glance with them, "Hmm. Very funny." he shakes his head.

"Mind your father, Hamish." Valka reprimanded, laughing gently.

Hiccup giggles. "Yes, mommy."

"And stay away from the beaches." Stoick added hastily.

Gobber continued hastily. "Yeap, wouldn't want ya to be seen by any backstabbing outcasts, now would we?."

"Gobber's right... you can't turn your back on them."

As always, Hiccup is curious. "Weally? How come?"

"Mmm... never mind. Just run along now."

"But, I-"

"You'll understand someday. Go on."

Hiccup frowned but nodded, embracing his parents before mounting on Toothless. The dragon bounded away, not really allowed to fly with the child yet. And soon they're nearly out of sight.

"And stay on the path I've marked for you!" Stoick hollers as Gobber

takes his leave and Valka chuckles. "Ack, Valka, he's just like you were when you were young."

Valka shook her head. "But he got his stubbornness from you, dearest one." she nuzzled the man's arm before pulling away. "he'll be fine." She walks off, heading back to the manor.

Stoick waits till she is out of sight and walks out, spotting two children who could play as stalkers for him. "Astrid. Fishlegs. Come here." Astrid Hofferson was a young blond but she was already training to become a guardian. Fishlegs was a beefy kid already for his age, and they were both at the same age group of his son. Except, like normal Viking children, they were physically capable to at least handle at dagger. Plus, they have their dragons with them.

"Good mowning, Chief Stoick."

"I want you to keep a close watch on Hiccup. You know he's bound to run off."

Astrid nodded, excited to get a job personally from the chief "Don't wowwy siw, you can count on us-" she eyed Fishleg who looked nervous in front of their leader. "Well, me at weast."

"All right, I'm counting on you."

~O~

Hiccup is walking through the woods, chasing a terror. Stoick was right about him wandering off. He giggled while Toothless just kept watching over him.

"Hey! Wait! Come back! I just wanna play!" he sees the butterfly land, and crouches to for a sneak attack. "Ahhh... the mighty viking has cownewed his pwey." Hiccup pounce takes him up the side of a small rise, from which she can see a distance beyond the sandy shores, across the beach, to Outcast island which he was only told stories about up until now."Whoa... cool! Outcast island!" he sits on the small rise, "I wondew what's out there..."

There's rustling in the bushes behind the boy and his dragon, drawing their attention. Hiccup turns, and screams follows.

"Eeeeeek!" All children are surprised. Hiccup is frightened backwards, and falls off the far side of the knoll into a the lower ground. Fishlegs rushed to the edge, Astrid rushing after him with Eret on tow (She brought him along incase they needed back-up because she didn't trust Fishlegs would be much help)

"Oooh, no no, did he die, did he-Ahhhh!"

Astrid gasped as Fishlegs fell over too. "Oh, gweat," she face-palmed.

"Hmm, let's see, uh..." Eret smirks, and he goes in-character as though talking to Stoick as Toothless jumped over the edge to look for his rider. "Gee Chief The good news is, we found your son. The bad news is, we dropped a fishlegs on him. Is there a problem with that?"

Fishleg is looking from side to side to where he landed. "Regent Hamish? Are you there?"

"Fishlegs!" Astrid hollered from Eret's arms as they jumped down to the lower ground.

Eret laughs, placing her down to the sand. "Let me define _'babysitting'_"

Fishlegs makes a look as Toothless pushed him away, and Hiccup pops out from the sand. Coughing from being out of breath and looks at Fishlegs crossly. "Sorry." Fishlegs apologized.

"Hiccup, you know better than to go off all alone. You could have been hurt." Eret acts out like a scolding parent.

"But... but..."

"Hurt!" Fishlegs gasped, looking over Hiccup. "Oh... The chief would kill us!"

Eret shrugs. "Us? You're the one who landed on him."

"B-but-" Hiccup fumbled with his words.

Fishlegs checks to make sure Hiccup is intact. "Did you catch a fever? Get a splinter?"

"Nnngh! Fishlegs..." Hiccup whined. "Wait, what's a splintew?"

"I dunno, but I had one once. Very painful."

"Well, enough of that, let's get back to the village." Astrid suggests dutifully.

Hiccup shook his head. "No, wait, I don't wanna yet!" Eret starts pulling him but he managed to kick him off. "listen!"

"Did you want something, Regent?"

Hiccup groaned at Fishlegs. "I'm not just a Wegent, you know. That's only half of who I am!" he complained, remembering the when he asked his mother once how his father was sometimes terrifying but very loving too, that he had different sides to him.

"Oh, uh... who's the other half?"

Hiccup paused, unsure. He doesn't really understand what his mother exactly means by her answer. "Uh... well, I, uh... um..." he really didn't want to return yet... "Look, Trolls!"

The others blinked, looking around, giving Hiccup time to get on Toothless, and pleaded desperately. "Fly!"

Toothless was more than happy to agree, taking off. They crossed the waters to the other island because Hiccup kept veering him that way. As soon as they landed, Hiccup jumped off and laughed, ready to explore the new place, but suddenly tumbles off a deep slope. Toothless was about to go after him, but he is tackled by something.

Hiccup keeps falling until he lands directly on top a white-haired six year old wearing torn up clothes and a pancho over his shoulders. They are both dazed for a moment, until the older child gets on his feet, glaring at the younger boy. He snarls at him confrontationally, as he was raised to do, and continues growling as Hiccup gets on his own feet, looking scared.

"Who are you, runt?"

Hiccup does not answer, but keeps jumping from side to side, staying faced to Jack at all times. The stranger keeps growling menacingly, but eventually his curiosity gets the better of him.

"Uh, I give up," he pouted. "What are you doing?"

Hiccup tries making his own angry look. "My daddy says to nevw tuwn youw back on an Outcast!" he declares.

"Aww," The outcast snickers, "You always do what Daddy says?"

Chagrined, Hiccup replies, "No!"

"Bet you do. Bet you're Daddy's little runt!" The outcast child mocks. "Ha ha!" He snickered as Hiccup pouts, The white-haired boy moves away, hopping on logs across some stepping stones of a shallow pond. "An Outcast doesn't need anybody. I take care of myself!"

Hiccup is awed, following him across, not noticing the creatures behind him. "Reawy? Coowl!" he grinned, always being tended to he wanted to know what it was like not being babied.

The white-haired boy grinned cockily looks back at Hiccup, and notices a pack of boars closing in on them. "Uh oh!" He rushed off.

Hiccup cocks his head before he turns and sees the boars. "Aaaaahhh!" he tumbles on his feet in shock. The outcast heard it and immediately rushed back, picking Hiccup up by the armpits and dragged him after him.

"Run!" The boars rushed after them, "This way!"

Hiccup gasped, already out of breath. "Toothless!"

"They're not toothless, keep running!"

~o~

Pitch was returning to the cave he and Jack lived in, only to discover his son has once again wandered off.

"JAACK!"

And then he heard a roar, which can only be that of a Nightfury.

~o~

Hiccup and the outcast narrowly escape, leaping from rock to rock across a dried up river and out of the reach of the Boars. The outcast pulls the brunette against the rock face, and the boars run passed them.

"That was a close one," The outcast sighed in relief.

Hiccup giggled, panting. "Yeah..."

The rock face they were leaning against suddenly moved, jostling them. The boys moved away, turning towards the rock face... That were actually trolls. "Aaaaaah!" They continued running. The trolls went after them.

The boys separated in the direction they took, and Hiccup ends up sliding down to a small hole, out of reach from the trolls but trapped. The outcast runs past him. "Hey! what about me?"

"You gotta take care of yourself!" The white-haired boy hollered as the trolls went after him. "I'll distract 'em. Run!"

The outcast trips on his feet and down a pit. Hiccup gasped until he felt the ground shake, he peeks out the hole and grinned. "TOOTHLESS!"

The outcast is paralyzed by fright; the trolls looking down on him from the mouth of the hole, knowing he was done for. When suddenly, they were blasted off their feet. The outcast felt a hand grab his arm and he turned his head to see the runt who proceeded dragging him back up and unto the dragon.

"Time to go, Toothless!"

With one dip of a head, Toothless took the skies, flying swiftly back to Berk's beach. The boys jump off, and pant and rest for a few moments.

"You awlwhite?"

The outcast furrowed his brows, deciphering the question. "Oh, uh, yeah. I'm alright."

"Yay!" Hiccup giggled, embracing the boy. "We make such a good team!"

The outcast found that he liked the boy. He smiled. "Yeah, guess we do." he laughs.

"And you..." Hiccup pulls back, smiling at the boy in awe. "you weeweally bwave!"

The outcast smiles softly, "Yeah... you were pretty brave too. My name's Jack."

"I'm Hamish, but everyone calls me Hiccup." he stands up, and Jack follows suit.

Suddenly, Jack crouches down playfully, he reaches out and bats him. "Tag! You're it!" he jumps back, laughing.

Instead of chasing, Hiccup just looks at him silently. Jack tries again.

"Tag! You're it! You're it!"

Still no response; the boy just stares at him blankly, almost looking scared as he cuddled Toothless.

"Hello? You run, I tag... get it?" Jack frowns at the confused look he was getting. "C'mon! This is my only chance to do this again, what's the matter? I know kids like you love playing..."

Hiccup suddenly frowns. "Nuh-uh, other kids don't really wanna play with me cause if they accidentally get boo-boos, they think daddy would punish them..." he looked like he was going to cry, "so I have no friends to play with..."

"Ohh, I have no real friends at all either," Jack frowned then suddenly grinned. "so let's be friends!"

Hiccup blinked. "Huh? You really wanna be friends with me?"

"Sure!" Jack laughed, "you did save my life, after all! So come on, let's play tag! When I touch you, you have to come after me then touch me. Then you run and I'll catch you," he explained before tagging the boy. "Tag! You're it!"

Hiccup giggled, going after the boy this time. Jack tried not to run too fast because he knew Hiccup had smaller legs than him. Toothless watched the boys curiously. Suddenly, the brunette tripped and scrapped his knee, he started crying.

"Hiccup!" Jack ran towards him, but before he could reach him, a large man jumped down from somewhere, glowering at the outcast child. "AHH!" he tumbled back, scrambling to move away from the man till his back met something else. He looked up, and saw his father.

Silent ensued as the two men stared each other down.

****A/N:** If anyone is curious, at the first movie, Hiccup is fourteen years old. At the series, he's fifteen and at the sequel he is twenty. Jack is said to be either seventeen or eighteen. I think it depends if it's at the movie or Book series though. So at this au, Hiccup is one year old at the presentation, four years old when he meets Jack who will be six years old at that time, and when they're both grown up and falling in love, Hiccup has recently turned sixteen and Jack will be eighteen. ******

****I** chose Hiccup to be sixteen when he comes of age like Kiara had cause I want it to be like a SWEET SIXTEEN bout. So there XD Just picture him looking like his HOW TO TRAIN YOUR DRAGON appearance just slightly taller than that and already wearing an armor that could look like the one he wears on HOW TO TRAIN YOUR DRAGON 2. Please read and review. ******

3. Different Parenting

****A/N:** While I was writing this chapter, I was thinking unlike

Mufasa, Simba probably talked about the great Circle of Life with Kiara a lot ever since she got an understanding at her age so that led to her being less impressed with the idea than Simba was. He wore it out for her. Haha, everything goes in moderation even good concepts. **

Anyway, read and review

^_^ A smile can save a life

Different Parenting

The dark man point a spear at the Chief. "Stoick." He stood over Jack.

"Pitch," Stoick sneered, pulling out his hammer. Then, Valka, North and Gobber arrive behind Stoick, with other guardians with their partner dragons, flanking his side.

Pitch's scowl deepened. "North." he glowered at the man head of the guardians, a position meant for him if Drago hadn't been defeated.

"Pitch, how did you get here?"

Pitch narrowed his eyes, standing straight and raising his arms, trying to indicate his drenchness. "Obviously, I swam." he said dryly. "honestly, how imbeciles like you all ever took over Berk is beyond lands should belong to Drago, to us!"

"I banished you from Berk!" Stoick scowled, raising his hammer. "Now you and your lad, get

out before I bring down **THOR'S THUNDER** on ya myself!"

The two youngsters cringed at the volume of the Chief's voice. But at least Hiccup had a dragon nuzzling him comfortingly.

Pitch smirked, leaning on his weapon. "Oh... haven't you met my son, Jack? He was hand-chosen by Drago to follow in his footprints..." He begun pacing, almost walking towards the Vikings' Kill circle (well, semi-circle). "and become Chief!"

Stoick glowered at that. Jack shuddered at the murderous glare he was given. "Hamish is the next Chief," Valka spat. "no one else is more rightful for that part."

"You could be wong..." Hiccup muttered silently.

Pitch pointedly ignored that. "Jack was raised to be Chief first, before you exiled us to that accursed island," he feigned a look of self-pity. "where we have little food, less fresh-water ..."

"You know the penalty for returning to Berk!" Stoick, however, was not remorseful.

Pitch snapped at that, stomping his spear down. "But the child does not!" Then he cleared his throat, raising his chin. "However... if your merciless heart and blood-thirst needs to be satiated..." He picks Jack up and thrust him forward before dropping him in front of

Stoick. daring him to show either ruthlessness or cowardice.

Jack was definitely a show of cowardice then.

"Take him and get out." Stoick said, keeping his hammer. He wasn't going to do anything to the child, not when he had a son of his own. And said son was watching. "We're finished here." He crouched down to pick up Hiccup and press the boy protectively against him.

Pitch walks over to Stoick and looks down at a terrified Hiccup. "Oh no, Stoick..." he smirked menacingly. "we have barely begun." He glares wickedly at Hiccup, taking note of Stoick's own glare, then turns and drags Jack along, the young boy staggering to keep up with the pace.

Pitch takes an arrow off a tree that had a rope line before sending it flying to an old oak at Outcast island. While he test the stability of the line, Jack watches the Berkians make their leave.

"Bye..." Hiccup mutters, his puny hand half-waving, half-reaching out for his first friend.

Jack raises an arm, almost in the same manner. "...Bye..." he is picked up by Pitch who walks into the water and starts swimming, using the line as leverage.

~o~

Stoick and the rest of the group are moving through the woods to get back home. Once within sight of the village, Stoick stops in his tracks. Valka looks back at Stoick. "Stoick?"

Stoick waves Valka off, for her to go ahead, with Hiccup still in his arms. Valka smiles back at him, understanding that it's time for **The Talk**. She and the rest of the guardians move off back home. Toothless and Thornado hangs back, and the two started a playful wrestling match.

Stoick crouches down, placing Hiccup back to his feet. Hiccup looks up at his father, smiling ingratiatingly albeit crookedly up at him. Stoick glares sternly back. The smile falls, Hiccup looks at the ground, sighing.

"Son, what did you think you were doing?" the man placed his hands on his hips. "You could have been killed today."

Hiccup pouted. "But Daddy, I- I didn't mean to disobey-"

"I'm telling you this because you're my son, and I don't wanna lose you." Stoick cuts him off.

Hiccup hangs his head, kicking at the ground, ashamed. "I know..."

"If something happened to you, I don't know what I'd do." Stoick sighed, placing a large hand on his son's head. "One day I won't be here... and I need you to carry on in my place. It's tough, I know, but being a Viking and Berk's Chief is an Occupational-"

"... an Ocwupwational hawzawd, I know."

"Exactly. So you need to be careful. As Berk's regent-"

Hiccup recoils from the arms that was about to wrap itself around him. "But what if I don't wanna be Wegent? It's no fun." he crosses his arms, whinnying petulantly.

"That's like saying you don't want to be a Haddock." Stoick stood up. "It is your destiny, being Chief It's in your blood... as I am. We are part of each other, **We are one**." The man smirks as Hiccup was still pouting, and playfully shoves him lightly, making him tumble on his feet.

Hiccup sat up, shaking his head, looking up at his father who grins back down at her, and Hiccup smiled shyly, chagrined, remembering who did something wrong and who had more right to be annoyed. The boy got to his feet and ran to hug his father's leg, the only part of the body he can hug fully actually.

"Daddy..." Hiccup reaches his arms up, asking his father to pick him up. Stoick obliged. "If I'm gonna be a Chief, can I still be myself?" he frowned. "I don't think I can be a Chief like how you do it... I might disappoint you if I twy..."

Stoick chuckles, remembering that his child was still that. A Child. "You'll figure it out, Hiccup. But just remember, you will still be my son, my pride. And that's not going to change."

The boy pulled back, placing his hands on his father's face, changing the subject like any child would. "Daddy, can we go fwyng?" he asked.

~o~

Hiccup squealed in delight as Toothless did a spiral spin across the skies. Stoick was freaking out at first but his son seems to have a firm handle on the dragon and he was a natural. It took the man several tries before he mastered being airborne in flight. Hiccup, however, seemed like he was born for this.

Then again, when he was just a babe, all Hiccup had to do was laugh and Toothless was wrapped around his finger.

"Oy Hiccup!" Stoick hollered. "take it easy!"

There was another laughter and a new voice joins them. "Come on Stoick, have a little fun." Valka veered Cloudjumper nearby Stoick. "and how dare you boys go flying without me?"

"Moooooommy!" Hiccup drawled, and Valka raised her head. "can you sing that song again?"

Valka smiled, taking a breath.

"Even when/ we are gone"

"we'll still be with you/ as you go on."

_"Your journey__**/**__ has only__**/**__ begun."_

Valka smiled at Stoick, and the man nodded, opening his mouth.

_ "My child,/ your tears of pain,/ your tear of joy._

_ Take heart, there's one thing nothing can destroy/;_

_ It's our pride/ for you, for deep inside,/ we are one."_

Cloudjumper went nearer to Thornado, Valka moved around here, so she reached Stoick, smiling at her dearest husband as she placed a hand on his shoulder.

_ "We are one,/ a father, mother and child/_

_ and we are shinning like the Northern Lights/,_

_ A proud fa/mi/ly under/ the sun."_

Stoick suddenly chokes on a note, seeing Hiccup stand up as Toothless continued flying. Valka just chuckled, flying away. Hiccup kept giggling, "I'm a Dragon! Roaaaaar!" And before Stoick could move and make his child sit back down, Hiccup lost his footing and tumbled down.

Down unto Valka's arms. The woman chuckled, poking that round nose of her child. Hiccup giggled, ticklish, hugging his mom around her neck. "Mommy, do you twink I'll ve a good Chief someday? Cause I just wanna keep flying with Toothless." he said. "can you twell daddy that?"

Valka smile adoringly, craddling her son carefully in her arms, "Hamish, you have the heart of a Chief and the soul of a Dragon. Don't worry, you're our child, so we'll be with you every step of the way until you're ready." she said. "you'll be the perfect leader for Berk." she assured.

_ "All the wisdom/ to lead_

_ All the courage/ that you need_

_ You will find/ when you see/_

_ We are one."_

Stoick finally joined them, reaching over to place his hand on Hiccup's head. "As long as you are a Viking, it's who you are." Hiccup looks confused and still seems unconvinced. "You'll understand someday."

~o~

Outcast Island. Outcasts everywhere are scavenging for food, fighting over cattle they stole from Berk. The twins were tugging on a root, growling. Snotlout was scribbling pointlessly on the dirt with a stick. Dagur was approachig the group, kicking at the dirt, muttering to himself.

"Jack, Jack, Jack," he rolled his eyes. "Lord Pitch isn't even his

father, he just took him in." he turns his attention to the twins. "Oh hey, losers. Where's the little frostbite, Jack?" he did a mocking dignified pose, and adds sarcastically. "The _**chosen one**_." Dagur takes a dagger and touches the root with the blade; it snaps, and the twins tumbles backward on opposite ends. Dagur guffaws.

"Why're you asking us?" Tuffnut grumbled, sitting up. "it's not our turn."

Ruffnut pats her hands crossing her arms. "Where is that pale freak? Did you leave him out there on his own again?"

"Hey, it's every Outcast for himself out here. That little frostbite's gotta learn to be on his own." Dagur picks his teeth with his dagger, using another one as a kind of reflection.

Snotlout made a face. "Pitch is gonna be mad. It's your turn to watch him."

"Oh, who cares? I should've been the chosen one." he begins throwing daggers to a nearby tree trunk. "I'm the oldest youth, I'm the strongest, I'm the toughest- Ooogh! These daggers won't aim right, they keep missing!"

Snotlout smirks at his frustration.

"I could be a chosen, if he'd just give me a chance!"

Ruffnut put a hand on his hip. "Okay, so like, why don't you tell that to him?" he asked, "Oh, there they are."

Pitch walks slowly towards the group, still dragging a drenched Jack along before finally dropping him and settling to see what was there for dinner.

"Okay, listen up Pitch!" Dagur walked up to him. "things need to change around here starting with who'll be calling the shots!"

Pitch just ignores him., poking on a fire.

"Hey, Jack," Snotlout got on his feet, "you're back! You guys up for tag-team wrestling?"

Jack smirks, "You're on!"

Dagur keeps pestering Pitch, who finally turns on the teenager. "Don't be such an upstart! You can't even do your job! You were in charge of watching him!"

Jack raised his head as a match between Snotlout and Ruffnut was going to start. "It's not his fault! I went off on my own!"

Pitch turns on Jack, backing him against a dead tree with his words. "What were you doing?"

"N-nothing!"

"Who has made us Outcasts?"

"S-Stoick!

"Who led Drago to die here?"

"Stoick!"

"And what have I told you," Pitch sneered. "about them?"

Jack flinches visibly. "Sorry, sorry!" he raised his head slowly. "But... Hiccup h-he didn't seem so bad. And I-I thought we could be-"

"Friends?" Pitch guessed, and Jack swallows. "You thought you'd get to the son. And Stoick would welcome you with open arms? What an idea!" He scoffs, before he started to reconsider. He laughed. "What an idea! You brilliant child-" The man pulled an unwilling Jack against him. "I'm so proud of you!"

"Erm, that really wasn't my idea..." Jack muttered quietly.

Pitch drags Jack into their cave, and shoves him into a hollow tree, he settles inside with a grunt from the impact. Pitch bends down, smirking at Jack.

"I now see the path to our glorious return to power!"

Jack pouted. "But I don't want-"

"Hush!" Pitch snapped, "I'm pretty sure you tire yourself enough with the days' events. And it's late."

Jack sighed, resting his head on a slab of rock. "Ok, good night..."

"Good night, our future Chief." Pitch stands, walking off. "Tomorrow, your training intensifies ..."

~o~

[Time Skip]

At North's working room, North is carving out miscellenous things when a knock came to the door and North hollers for whoever to come in. A young, handsome, sixteen year old male brunette walks in, carrying a sack behind his back. Hiccup smiled upon seeing the head of the guardians, dropping his load to an open table.

"Here North," he said. "extra reward from dad for all the hard work you and the guardians contributed these days."

North smiled, accepting the reward. Even though it wasn't really anything their efforts were credited to. The Outcasts seemed to be keeping a disturbingly low profile the past years, but chalking it up to paranoia, the man didn't read much into it.

"Thank you, Hiccup. Did you manage to accomplish the tasks your father gave you?"

These days, Stoick takes Hiccup along with him his daily task as Chief showing him what the job was like and teaching how he must act

at the face of particular situation. Today, was sort of an exam, where the two divided the work load and Hiccup did some of the tasks Stoick usually does by himself.

"Pretty good, I guess." Hiccup shrugged. "had to resolve a conflict between Bucket and Trader Johann, named a baby girl... which honestly didn't look like a girl, almost named it Magnus, but luckily I saw something was missing, erm, down there. Then, I helped Gobber repair a ship that got on a wreckage days ago with the Kraken. All in a day's work,"

North chuckled. "Sounds like you're doing a great job," he said. "And how is training with Gobber and Aster?"

Usually, Gobber trains the recruits to be Guardians. Hiccup is the regent, so his training is just that, training to become strong and know how to deal with physical situations. While the others, like Astrid, Eret, and the others his age are training till they become official adults and be deemed guardians.

"Ugh," Hiccup sighed, rubbing his shoulder and moving it in a circular motion, as if to get a kink out. "All right, I guess... Astrid still beats everyone senseless at hand-to-hand combat, even Eret, but I can still beat her at Dragon-related exercises." he shrugged. "Still, sometimes I wonder if she's better off as Chief."

"Nonsense, you are already perfect for job." North laughed heartily. "but if you wonder that, maybe just marry her and she can assist you."

Hiccup laughed, but it was strained. "You sounded like dad now," he pointed out. "Astrid is... great, and we're good friends, but she has a thing for Eret. And even if not, I don't think she's really my type." he rubbed the back of his head, not mentioning that he still thought of the boy he met years ago and can't think of anything else but him.

"Well, don't worry. Time will come and you will figure things out." North assured. "but you should be well on your way, Hiccup. It is late, and you still have that rite of passage tomorrow."

As a rite of passage, a regent of Berk must go off on his own and hunt down something and bring it back to Berk. It can be trolls, woodland creatures, or wild boars. If possible also, tame a wild dragon and take them in. As long as they don't hunt dragons. Of course, like past regents they did it without an aid from dragons so the council of Berk still believed that that shouldn't change. So Hiccup was doing it without Toothless.

Hiccup smiled. "Yeah, I'm looking forward to it." he sighed. "Dad just better let me handle it all on my own. Well, I'll see you around, North." he waved at the man before leaving.

"Oh, Manny..." North laughs, looking at the moon. He stands, unveiling the ice statue that now has evolved to Hiccup as he is now. "every day Hiccup grows more dignified, Stoick and Valka is raising him well and into a Chief that will someday make us all very proud." then North frowns, looking at the alteration that was still there. Only after meeting Pitch again once years ago did he know who it was.

"But this boy, Jack, he grows stronger. And Pitch fills his heart with hate." The man sighs, rubbing his forehead. "I am very worried, Manny. Things cannot keep going on like this, no."

The moon shines brighter, almost like it was twinkling like a star.

"Hmm? You have plan?"

A moonbeam shines directly onto the statue, forming a symbol at the chest part. On Hiccup's, there was half a symbol of what seemed like a curled up Dragon, and on Jack's chest, it was the symbol of the Guardians, completing Hiccup's halved Dragon.

Then a heart just on top of the completed symbol.

North blinks, putting the pieces together. "What?" he walked towards it, to closely inspect it. "Jack... Hiccup... together?" he gapes. "This is the plan? Are you crazy?!" He looked incredulous. "This will never work! What will Stoick say? Oh, Manny, you been up there too long. Your head is in clouds!"

The moon shines brighter, almost annoyingly blinding.

"Okay, okay, okay! Okay! All right- okay!" North screamed, smiling tiredly. "I don't think this is going to work... but I believe you. I just hope you know what you are doing!"

The moon has finally gone silent.

~o~

Dawn at Outcast island, a young man is still hard at work on his training. A shirtless Jack settles to a fighting stance, as he and his opponent, Dagur, circled one another, waiting if they should wait or make the first move. Dagur, forever impatient, throws three daggers to the blue-eyed boy. Jack looked alert and sharp, deflecting the blades with his staff. The staff he made himself look like a shepherd's crook, only the curved part was bladed, and the end of the staff also had it's own pointed blade. Dagur charged towards Jack, and he crouched low, when the deranged teenager got to him, Jack hit him with the body of the staff before throwing him over head and out the marked training circle. Dagur yelps, before grunting upon impact to the ground, landing directly infront of Pitch who stepped out of the shadows. Jack stood straight in acknowledgement, realizing everyone was present suddenly.

Pitch smirked, circling Jack. "You are ready!" He chuckles, scrutinizing Jack's light muscle-toned body. "Nice... very nice. You have the same blackness in your soul that Drago and I have. What is your destiny?"

"I will avenge the Outcasts... take my place as Chief in Berk." Jack answered, determined.

Pitch grinned, "Yes! What have I taught you?"

"The Nightfury is the enemy, the Haddock's are the enemies." Jack's eyes were fixed in a glare. "Stoick is the enemy."

"And what must you do?"

"I must kill them all!"

A battle cry resounded at the hallowness of the cave, the noise reaching out to the night sky, and the moon was aware of it.

****A/N:** I know it seems kinda reversed with Valka (being the easy-going parent as a mother) and Stoick (being the uptight worry wart as a father) but judging from their personality on the movies, it fits.******

****for the song part, the symbol '/' is for when there's a short pause or holding a note before proceeding. I own nothing****

4. Fleeing the Flames

****A/N:** Sorry for the lack of updates in a while. I hope you can all be patient because this is what happens when colleges get to you.******

****^_^ A smile can save a life****

****Fleeing the Flames****

It was long passed dawn and the whole Village was gathered at the front of the Chief's manor, murmuring about the regent's rite of passage, proving himself to be a capable leader someday. Valka is walking towards Stoick, who is standing at the beside the path leading up to the woods. He looks quite worried and apprehensive, knowing that his son hasn't even been able to beat Astrid yet in any hand-to-hand combat. While his son was far from being scrawny like he had been, he wasn't as well toned like he himself had been when he was his son's age. Stoick sighs gently and forces a smile when Valka reaches him.

The villagers continued murmuring.

"Wow, he's finally come of age for the rite of passage!"

"You must be so proud, Valka."

"Oh, here he is!"

Hiccup is emerging in a armor/suit he designed himself. He steps out of the manor, a satchel slung across his shoulder, and makes his way down the flight of stairs to the ground below. Hiccup stops at the entrance/exit of his home, looking at North, who is standing next to the gates. He looks a little worried until North smiles softly.

"Hiccup," The head guardian nodded. "it is time." The Guardians, Aster and Thiana, whom are flanking North nods the same way, giving respect and encouragement to their regent.

"Good luck, Anklebiter! Knock 'em dead," Aster thumbs up, "you've been prepared. That much, I'm sure." he said, and being one of the trainers with Gobber, one can hold him to his word.

"You'll do great." Thiana gushed. "And my, how you've grown!"

Hiccup smiles shyly, thanking the guardians for the moral support. He was really nervous but adamant all the same to proving himself to his father that he was no longer that scrawny kid he babied too much. He went forward, going through the crowd of villagers parting to give way.

"It's your day, Regent Hamish."

"You're a Viking man now!"

"Good luck!"

Hiccup stopped directly in front of his parents, and Valka reached forward to embrace him, showing her pride. Stoick is still looking vaguely glum.

Valka pulled away, cupping her son's face. "You'll do just fine."

"Thanks mom," Hiccup smiled, before looking across her shoulder to see his father not looking high-spirited. His smile drops for a moment, curious. "Dad?" Stoick starts, looking up to meet his son's eyes. "you have to promise to let me do this on my own... Promise?"

Stoick glances at Valka, who raises her eyebrows at him, daring him to question Hiccup's capability to succeed. He rolls his eyes upward acquiescently. "All right..." he smiles dryly. "I promise."

Hiccup beams, going over to place a meaningful hand on his father's shoulder before going off to the forest path. He looks back once more to his parents, and then runs off into the the woods, wondering what trophy he'll be bringing back. Valka placed a comforting hand behind Stoick's back before going off back to the manor to check on their dragons and making sure Toothless is well comforted that his rider will be gone for the better part of the day. The rest of the villagers dispersed to their daily activities.

When she was out of sight, Stoick moves surreptitiously over to the trainees, Astrid, Eret and Fishlegs, whom were sparring with dull-bladed knives. When they saw the man approaching, the stood straight in a respectful stance.

Stoick spoke quietly. "Make sure he doesn't get hurt." he said and quickly turned away.

The three glanced at each other, puzzled and slightly taken aback that the chief still worries over his son like a mother hen more than the actual mother. But they have their orders, and as future guardians, they knew they have to be followed.

~o~

While Hiccup was starting off his quest, looking through some sketches and notes on a little book about his studies on huntable creatures while he was still at the safest part of the woods, he stops at a cliff that overlooked Outcast island. He thought it'd be nice to take a boat over and catch some trolls, but he knew his

warnings, his father would kill him if the outcasts who caught him didn't do it first.

He continued on his way, when he stopped short, seeing an arrow stuck on a tree with a note that seemed attached to it. Raising a brow, he took the arrow, and unfolded the note attached. What it said confused him, it was something like a suggestion to hunt trolls in Outcast island, saying it's the best trophy to bring back since dragons were made friends. It confused Hiccup, till it occurred that maybe it was some kind of test. Seeing if, while a Viking had his dignity to consider, would he disobey the order of his father, the current chief. Trolls could only be found in Outcast island, even if he did take out one, Stoick would know he disobey. And he didn't want to disappoint his dad when he finally trusted him enough to do something on his own outside the village. He kept the note, and continued on his way, deciding not to chance going over to Outcast island, knowing it was for the best, heeding the warnings always told to him about outcasts. After all, he was still counting on finding a rare dragon to tame and bring back to Berk. They still didn't have any Changewings or Skrills. Maybe even the boneknapper if it was real, it could be a good trophy too.

If Hiccup inspected the arrow carefully, however, he would've noticed it having the Outcasts insignia, that it was the same arrow that brought a dark man over here years ago, as well.

Back in Outcast island, in an area where there are bursts of steams, Dagur and Snotlout overlooked the volcanic geysers just a few ways off their slums, carrying some wood for torches

"Yeecch, do we really have to be here? Kinda creepy don't you think?" Snotlout scratched his chin.

Dagur made a look. "And not that that living with Pitch was any creepy at all?" he questioned, jumping down the steeps. "a little flaming hill shouldn't scare ya."

"What? No," Snotlout scoffed, following Dagur's lead. "I'm not scared, okay?"

Dagur shrugged. "Whatever. But I agree with you in one thing. I don't know why we have to be here. After all, if Jack was so _special_, why does he need us?" he growled, placing his torch over a geyser, Snotlout doing the same. "... I never even had a CHANCE!"

Snotlout rolls his eyes, when a burst of flames erupted, lighting the torches ablaze. "Well, that's it." he said sullenly. "let's get this damn over with. Tuffnut and Ruffnut probably sent out those arrows already,"

"My, my, Snotlout," Dagur mocked. "do I sense hesitance? Do you still consider the Haddock's family and really don't wanna hurt your runt of a cousin?"

Snotlout flinched. "Yeah right!" he scowled half-heartedly. "what kind of family outcasts their own?! Who does that?!"

"There ya go, keep that in mind. Remember the point of all this," Dagur brought the torch to his face, casting an obscure light that made him look sinister. "Revenge."

~O~

"Astrid, have you found him yet?"

"Hush, shush, hush!" Astrid conked Eret on the head. "quiet! If he was under our nose, he could've hear you!"

"Ow, jeez," Eret rubbed the back of his head. "seriously, this would be a lot more fun if we could have brought skullcrasher and the other dragons."

Astrid rolled her eyes. "That would be a dead giveaway, don't you know anything about stealth?" she shook her head. Suddenly, she heard rustling. She turned her head, seeing Fishlegs coming over. "Any luck, legs?"

"Yeah, I saw him wondering over a cave." Fishlegs answered, a bit pale. "I think he was tracking the fog monster."

~O~

Hiccup sighed, rubbing the back of his head furiously. After stumbling across several other arrows, he couldn't believe he had gotten careless and had some mysterious fog steal the weapon he designed, one where a stream of flame can burst out, as if creating a fire sword, with gas inside the hilt, almost like a dragon pheromone.

It was weird that the fog monster actually existed. He only heard stories about it, not ever really showing it's true form, stealing nothing but metals for reasons unknown. On the plus side, if he managed to snare it, he'd get his weapon back and a former myth for a trophy.

He didn't know the size of the creature, so to be on the safe side, he fashioned a snare from the materials in his satchel to make a mesh drop over the monster. Hiccup was pushing a somewhat large boulder to an elevated area in the cave he was in, and when it triggers the rope below attached to the snare by accident, it would send the boulder flying down to crush it.

Just before he can attached the boulder to be able to respond when the trigger was hit, Hiccup heard hissing and flinched, turning around. He saw a small dragon, snarling at him, something caught in it mouth.

His weapon.

Hiccup blinked, fumbling for his book, and flipping some pages before he could find the image that match the dragon's appearance. Suddenly, he found it and looked exasperated. "Really, Smothering smokebreaths? And people went with a fog monster!?" he shook his head, snapping his book shut. "So much for a former myth trophy." He shoved a hand into his satchel and took out some dragon nip, bringing it close to the dragon's face.

The dragon's eyes went wide, slowly its mouth became agape, dropping the weapon before Hiccup reached over to scratch it under its chin, causing it to fall unconscious.

It purred, and Hiccup smiled softly, rubbing the dragon on his tummy fondly. "Well, for what it's worth, it'll be an interesting story to tell the others." he chuckled

Suddenly, he heard a scream and a sound like his snare had been triggered.

Hiccup peeked over the edge and narrowed his eyes. He swiped up his weapon as he descended, as an afterthought, he went to take the dragon with him.

"Shoot! Cut us loose before he comes back!"

"Astrid, did you forget?"

"The fog monster took our weapons!"

"Well we can't just stay here and-"

"AHHH!"

Hiccup stared at his three _friends _tangled up in the mesh, tapping his foot impatiently. "You mean this?" he gestured to Smothering smokebreath. "probably belonged to a group that stole your weapons. It stole mine, too. But I got it back ON MY OWN,"

They recover from their initial shock, and Eret and Fishlegs chuckles guiltily and Astrid tries to hide her face behind her bangs in shame. Hiccup put the dragon down and took the mesh net off them.

"Guys," Hiccup spoke sternly. "what are you doing here?"

They got to their feet. Eret rubbed the back of his head. "Uh... wood gathering! We thought we could help Gobber repair Trader Johann's ship and-ow!" he grumbled at Astrid's punch to the shoulder. "why is it always violence with you?"

"You idiot." Astrid facepalmed.

Fishleg choked. "Eret, Hiccup already helped finish the repairs. Trader Johann left before dawn."

"Ohhh..."

Hiccup sighed, rubbing his forehead. "My father sent you all, didn't he? I thought he promised to let me do this on my own." he shook his head. "he lied."

"No... he just doesn't want you to get hurt..."

Hiccup didn't listen. "I should have known he'd never give me a real chance. I'm still a fishbone to him..." His eyes stinging, Hiccup runs past them, still breathing hard. He takes out the note, "I'll do this on my own. Away from Berk!"

"Hey! Wait!"

"Come back!"

"Oh... who can keep track of him?"

"Hiccup, come back!"

They all rushed after Hiccup, but one of the best things about his was that he was fast. As soon as they got back in the woods, they couldn't catch sight of him.

"Oh... he's gone again! Aster's gotta tie a boomerang around his neck!"

~o~

Hiccup was glad that he was the quickest runner in all Berk. Otherwise, he would never have lost the others on that chase. When he got to the beach, he unearthed a row boat. There were times when he wanted to go back to Outcast island to find Jack, deciding not to bring Toothless lest he'd be discovered. But he always got cold feet in the end.

Finally, he wasn't going to back out. He set out to the isle a boat row away from Berk.

He still couldn't believe his father broke his promise. Sure, he was always a bit protective-a tad too much, actually-and Hiccup knew it was because he cared, but really, wasn't Hiccup old enough already that still sending people out to stalk him like guard dogs would be a bit unnecessary?

Stoick was definitely overdoing it.

Sure, Hiccup wasn't as big and muscular as his father had been at this age but the boy was now a well off sixteen year old and far from a simple scrawny kid who can barely carry his own shield.

And no way was he returning to Berk without proving otherwise. But of course, Manny had other plans.

~o~

As soon as Hiccup arrived, he set about making a trap for the trolls. He was sure this time he'd get it to work without anyone falling on top to ruin it. He poured in some kind of substance to repel dragons, because he wouldn't want to accidentally snare them in this trap that could kill.

Satisfied with his work, he got up and climbed a leafless tree, waiting out for the prey to wander by.

On a low cliff a short ways off from where the young Regent was, Snotlout and Dagur stood, their torches ready.

"Let's light fire!" Dagur laughed, running down the slope.

Snotlout watched his deranged companion as he swooped down ahead, leaving a trail of fire while he was at it. And he wondered if this is really what he wanted.

Even if it was for revenge.

Hiccup settled back on the tree, starting to get bored, he almost fell asleep. His head raised when he spotted some boars running off, and he raised a brow at their haste. Suddenly, something shook his tree and he fell face down.

"Agh..." Hiccup grunted, looking up, to one side he sees the fleeing boars and suspected they shook the tree. "What in Odin's beard...?" To the other side, he gasped, paling, seeing trolls run towards him. "Oh the gods hate me..."

But instead of attacking, they just passed him, going after the path the boars took. But not as prey, either.

Hiccup narrowed his eyes. _What, am I too skinny to be good enough to attack even? _he thought, when he sniffed the air, smelling something burning. "What is-?" he turned his head upwards and choked, beholding the fire forming, destroying the few trees this island had. "No, no, no, no!" he grabbed his satchel and rushed away, taking off to find the nearest shelter but far from the place called slums where the Outcasts resided.

~O~

Pitch stood over a high cliff, witnessing everything unravelling down hill when a white haired teenager stood by his side with an indifferent expression on his face.

"The plan is in motion." The dark man grinned, facing the teenager. "Go!"

Without a sound or word, the teenager jumped from rock to rock, down, down, until he reached the ground below. Avoiding the paths leading to heavy fire, he set off to track down his target.

Back in Berk, in front of the manor, Stoick is pacing anxiously, North, Aster, and Thiana standing several feet off, watching him.

"Don't worry, Stoick. He'll be fine." Thiana soothed to no avail. "What could happen?"

North shook his head. "Stoick, give boy more credit."

Stoick wasn't really listening when he heard footsteps, seeing the recruits he sent out to keep track of his son. He was alarmed by the news that his son can't be found anywhere in Berk, and they've been searching everywhere.

"Stoiiiiick!" Gobber came running over. "fire at Outcast shores! And Gothi says that he caught sight of Hiccup earlier leaving Berk's beach with a row boat!"

"No... no!" Stoick felt his blood go cold. "Hiccup!" He turns to the guardians, already mounting on their partnered dragon. "Go! Fly ahead. Find him!" he ran back to the manor to get Thornado.

Hiccup was just right behind the boars and trolls now, desperately trying to find maybe a cave or maybe even a lake-although with this being outcast isle, he doubted there were a lot of lakes if any at all.

He was running down the path with the creatures he'd hunt as prey right now if the circumstances weren't what they are. Suddenly, he saw two terrors trapped with a large tree on top of them. He knew they were fireproof, being dragons, but he wondered about suffocation. He rushed over and pushed the tree up to free them and the terrors made a run for it before taking flight. As soon as the last terror disappeared into a turn off of the path, fire blocked the way effectively.

Hiccup gasped, beginning to panic at the now dead end. He heard a sound and looked back, seeing a burning tree about to collapse, he jumped out of the way.

Without a better plan of action, he just kept running around the forest to wherever there wasn't fire, until he found a cliff not too high but far enough from lower ground. Good thing, too, because the flames were closing in on him fast. Hiccup ran fast and towards the tree nearest to the cliff that was still unscathed by the flames. He climbed on top of it fast, and just when it caught fire, he took a leap towards the cliff.

Freckled hands made contact with the rough, rocky surface, he was sure there were scratches and tears on his flesh. Hiccup grunted, trying to pull himself up, but his hands were beginning to slip. Going back down, wasn't an option, however. So, as soon as his foot made contact with a crevice, he kicked on the leverage available to him and somehow managed to get up.

Where he effectively passed out, his adrenaline plummeting from having to exert himself more than he ever had.

All because his father didn't keep his promise.

~o~

The teenager found his target, passed out on the ground. He slowly approached the young man. Said target turned to face whatever was approaching him, his half-lidded eyes barely able to make out the appearance.

The appearance of the teenager scowling down at him. _I can't believe this,_ He thought irritably. _Years of harsh and intense training, and for the likes of this boy?_

The target turned away again, falling unconscious once more.

The teenager jumped over to the other side, pushing the passed out boy's face so it look upward and he got a better look at him. And it wasn't what he expected.

The enemies Pitch called Vikings were big, proud, and arrogant men. Pushing them around and taking all resources for themselves, uncaring to his people who were practically starving to death and never able to satisfy their thirst. Ugly, cruel and heartless people.

This boy seemed nothing like that. He was too thin and scrawny compared to those men described by Dagur and Snotlout who usually spied the place while he was under harsh and rigorous training. When he was fleeing from the flames, he didn't hesitate to save two

terrors from the irony of being killed off by fire.

And he wasn't ugly at all. In fact, the assassin thought he was anything but, with that peaceful look on his face. And if nothing else, this was the boy he met those many years ago.

The teenager shook his head and set out to work. He attached his staff which had a blade-edged crook and another sharpened end on the tip below, on his waist and carried the boy on his back, and just as the fire reached the cliff, he took off, and begins to carry him away from the fire. He leaps across chasms with flames roaring, and then tumbles with his target down a slope into the sea waters, where the boy begins to sink. The teenager dives for him and drags and swim off to Berk's shore. Normally this would be tiresome, and he would need leverage to pull them both across. But after years of training, he managed it.

Thiana, flying overhead on a dragon, watches the event. She gasps. "I must tell North!"

The teenager drags the boy to the beach, and as if on some cue he wakes up, gasping for breath.

It was twilight.

"Where..." Hiccup coughs, "where am I?"

The teenager looks smug, leaning on his staff. "You're safe... in Berk."

Hiccup is bewildered. "Berk... no!" he sneered, pulling himself up and getting on the stranger's face, who was backing up in shock. "Why did you bring me back here?! Who do you think you are?!"

"I think" the stranger makes a click sound. "I'm the one who just saved your life!"

Hiccup glared at him. "Look! I had everything under control!"

"Not from where I'm standing." The stranger smirked.

Hiccup shook his head. "Then move downwind." he turns away.

The stranger glares and pursues the boy, blocking his way effectively with his staff. Hiccup groaned, and begins to side step the stranger repeatedly, still taking Stoick's warning off not turning your back on an enemy. Soon the stranger's interest is piqued.

"What are you doing?"

Hiccup blinked, studying the face and appearance more. The white hair, the blue eyes... he recognized him. "Jack?" he is pleasantly surprised.

Jack smirks, nodding. Hiccup beams, but before he can say anything. Somebody yelled.

"Hiccup!"

Stoick dismounts Thornado and shoved his son away, and confronts Jack. On instinct, Jack gets on his fighting stance. The guardians with their dragons, as well as Valka and Cloudjumper arrived at the beach. Toothless pounced and nuzzled Hiccup's head.

"Hamish!" Valka went to her son, now sitting on the ground on his butt, and wrapped her arms around him. "You're all right."

"Dad..." Hiccup didn't pay his mother too much mind, placing a hand on his dragon's snout. "how could you break your promise?"

Stoick huffed. "It's a good thing I did. I almost lost you. No more hunts for you; not ever! We'll just have to find a different rite of passage for you."

"But I was doing just fine!" Hiccup huffed indignantly. "Even before Jack-"

"JACK?!" Stoick's glare got deadlier, taking out his hammer.

Jack's also just as so,

Valka is surprised at her husband's ferocity. "Stoick?"

Thiana whispers to North. Suddenly, the man spoke in a booming voice. "Hey! You!" he did his best to conceal his delight as Stoick and Jack looked over, confused. "How dare you save the Chief's son?"

Stoick looks flabbergasted. "You saved him?" he glared but it seemed suspicious too. "Why?"

Jack almost looked chagrined, remembering why he was there. He set his weapon aside. "I humbly ask to join your clan."

"No!" Stoick responded almost immediately. "You were banished with the other Outcasts."

Jack made a look. He was warned it wouldn't be that easy. "I have left the Outcasts. I am a rogue. Judge me now, for what I am..." he paused for effect. "or am I to be blamed for a crime I didn't commit?"

Stoick snarls and paces around.

Valka looks hard at him. "Stoick..." she said warningly. "you owe him your son's life."

"Mmm... aye, Stoick. We are in his debt... and as standard protocol, demands that all debts be paid." Gobber interjected.

Aster looks unsure. "Though in this case you might wanna make an exception."

Stoick paces a few moments more, looking over to Jack, smirking, considering Aster's suggestion. But Jack stands proudly, as if daring him to give a unfair judgement. Stoick glowers.

"The protocol will prevail. For now, I reserve judgment." Stoick closed in on Jack's face. "We'll see who you really are." he moved back, getting back on Thornado and taking off.

Jack smiles inwardly and looks sidelong at Hiccup, who smiles back at him. Toothless notices this and happily bounds over Jack, licking him at the face. Jack yelped, trying to get the dragon off. Hiccup and Valka laughed.

The Guardians turned, going after Stoick.

"Hmph, Showpony."

As night falls over Berk, Stoick notices Jack coming into the village borders. He jumps in front of Kovu with a growl and intimidates him away from the village, making a nonverbal statement to keep out, that he was still an outcast. Jack pouts and finds a comfortable tree to settle into for the night. Stoick walks off, not noticing his son lingering.

With Toothless right on his heels, Hiccup approaches Jack, who was settling in for the night. "Hey... uh," he rubbed the back of his head. Toothless nudged him for support. "T-thanks for saving me today."

"What kind of hunter are you, anyway-_Priiiiincess_?" Jack drawled and rolled his eyes. "You almost got yourself killed out there."

Hiccup blinked at the change of mood, and pouts at the title given to him. "What did you call me? I'm a guy." he growled.

Toothless just watches the humans curiously.

"Whatever, your dad surely treated you like some princess. If you're a boy, well, you're one who wouldn't last three days on his own." Jack shrugged.

Hiccup is provoked. "Oh... and I suppose you could teach me?"

"Heh..." Jack smirked cockily. "yeah."

Suddenly, Stoicks bellowed from the manor entrance. "HICCUUUUUUP!"

"STOICK! THE VILLAGERS ARE ALREADY ASLEEP!"

Hiccup groaned. "Coming!" He turns back to Jack, and smirk, as if challenging, rubbing Toothless's snout. "All right. Impress me. We start at dawn." Nonchalantly, he walks back with Toothless to the manor.

Jack continues speaking to himself, chuckling. "I look forward to it."

**A/N: Sorry for not updating in awhile. You know, college stuff and all that jazz, I hope there are still people reading this. So please leave reviews! **

5. Fun Time

**A/N: Update! Yipee! Haha, thank you for all the reviews. I'm

putting in the dragon race here from the second movie, so I hope you all watched that already so you'll have an idea what's going on.**

^_^ A smile can save a life

Fun Time

Dagur panted, running towards the dark man on the shoreline of Outcast Island. "Yo... you'll never believe it... He let the runt go! If that were me-"

"Hush." Pitch held a hand up.

Snotlout trudged behind Dagur. "Did you forget the plan, idiot?"

"The fire-rescue worked perfectly, and Stoick fell for it." Pitch smirked. "Now, the closer Jack gets to the son, the closer he brings the Haddocks to their downfall! And once he has Stoick alone... rraaagh!" Pitch emphasizes his point by swatting a young tree from its trunk.

Two new voices joined them. "Lord Pitch, Lord Pitch!" Ruffnut came in. "it's ready."

"Hey I was gonna say that." Tuffnut scowled.

Ruffnut pulled her tongue out. "Yeah, well, I said it first, so get over it." she said dismissively.

"What's ready?" Snotlout questioned.

In answer, several outcasts pushing and pulling a ship to the beach. Pitch smiled satisfiedly. "Excellent."

"Hang on, we had materials to build a SHIP?" Snotlout gawked. "then why're we still bothering with Berk?! Let's get off this damn Island!"

A lot of Outcasts shared his sentiments, actually. But they had enough brain cells to remember important details and keep quiet. Pitch was deadset in reclaiming Berk for Drago, his best friend. Whom, when Pitch was orphaned and the rest of the village didn't bother with him practically ignoring him in favor of dealing with dragons as their priorities back in those days since Pitch was a grown teen that time already anyway, it was only Drago who seemed to remember him, mainly because at that time. Mainly because Drago knew Pitch had uncanny powers, and he was the only one who can help him summon the ultimate dragon; The Alfa.

But Pitch didn't know that was the only reason Drago bothered with him.

Pitch narrowed his eyes at Snotlout, took his scythe and hit the boy without the dull end. "Imbecile! Berk belongs to Drago, we must get it back for him! This ship is for me to go to the spot where I can summon the Alfa, and finish what I started." Pitch growled. "Long live Drago!"

The Outcast joined in; some, however, half-hearted in their chorus. This included Snotlout.

~O~

First rays of the morning sun started to show, hitting Jack's face with warmth. Even if he had to sleep outside, however, the white-haired young man didn't mind the cold too much. He actually liked it. Jack stirred, moaning a bit. Just because he was okay with the cold didn't mean he didn't much prefer a comfortable bedding. Even at Outcast island, they had something to lie on. But at least he wasn't bothered by the cold.

And when he was fully awake did he realize why it didn't bother him at all throughout the night. Somebody had clothed him with a large, blue cloak with a hood. Jack blinked, wondering how whoever managed it, Jack was trained to be alert, and had sharp instincts. So this was a little worrisome.

On a more positive note, however, it looked good on him, and the cloak was a whole lot more assuming than a simple white shirt with a sackcloth pancho. Jack starts, seeing a glimpse of Stoick walking around the village, on a morning stroll with his wife. Instinctively, he reached for his weapon, and gets into a low crouch. Now was the best time to...

"G'morning! Oh, and nice cloak." Suddenly, Hiccup is directly in front of Jack who starts and tipped over in surprise. He's stunned, and Hiccup laughs. " So, I'm ready for my first lesson. Surprised ya, huh?"

Jack looks back and sees the couple gone. Hiccup seems unmindful of his intentions.

"Hey, c'mon. Let's go!" The brunette walks off. "I don't have any Chief lessons today!"

Jack is still dumbstruck. After one last glance after his lost opportunity, he turns and follows Hiccup.

~O~

Jack attempts to teach Hiccup several things. Namely ambush, avoiding attacks, avoiding attacks with a counter attack, and hand-to-hand to combat.

****Ambush.****

Near the forest path, Hiccup kept muttering low "_Ow"_s and winces while Jack sits cross-legged at a clearing. He smiles, bemused, looking at the direction he can hear Hiccup was coming from. He then sighs, turning away, anticipating the pounce. "Three... two..." he rolls his eyes. "one..."

"Gotcha!" Hiccup cries out but Jack did a reverse roll to avoid it, and the brunette grunted, lying on his back. Jack got on his feet, his weapon positioned on his shoulder, and he stood over the brunette who is slightly embarrassed. "You could hear me... huh?" he said awkwardly.

"Only... a lot."

****Avoiding Attacks.****

"Watch where it's coming from, not where it's going!" Jack groaned, throwing random light punches in which Hiccup had to avoid. But he was this close to making it a real punch. _this is just the first point!_

Hiccup looked frazzled. "I have no idea how-" a punch to the shoulder. "-ow-that helps anything! How does seeing where a punch starts to be more-" A light jab on the stomach. "-effective than following where it's going?"

"Cause it'd be too late by then!" Jack pulled at his hair. This was second nature to him, he forgot it might not be so for others. "let me put it this way, if I pull my fist back from to the right-" he demonstrated it. "then it'll be released going towards the left, and vice versa! Okay, one more time, real punches this time."

Hiccup gawked. "Wait, wait, you have to make sure I got the hang of it first!" he protested.

"By this point," Jack narrowed his eyes dangerously. "I believe in learning on the real situation."

****Avoiding attacks with counter attacks****

"Wait, no, no."

"I didn't do anything yet,"

Jack shook his head. "Nevermind, let's skip this. You haven't even gotten avoiding attacks,"

****Hand-to-hand combat****

"Okay, the trick here is to catch your opponent either unaware or by surprise." Jack told Hiccup. "do a combo that they would least expect. Remember, element of surprise is always a plus and advantage."

Hiccup nodded, his stance ready to fight. "Okay, I definitely got this."

"All right then, show me that you do." Jack smirked. "come to me."

Hiccup cried out, charging towards Jack. The older boy bended low as he neared, getting the brunette over his back and flipping him over, quickly grabbing his arm and twisting it behind his back.

Hiccup cried out, not even given a moment to think at how it happened so fast. "Why would you do that?!"

"You dork, I just told you to do the unexpected!" Jack laughed, still not letting go. "you failed miserably!"

Hiccup struggled but winced because of ow Jack had his arm on a kink. "How... mngh! Did I fail... ack... miserably?"

"I told you to come to me and you did! You listened to your opponent, who does that?!" Jack continued laughing hard until he was promptly tackled to the ground by a dark mass. "ACK!"

Hiccup got on his feet, rubbing his shoulder. He smirked. "Surprise."

"This so does not count." Jack scowled, trying to prevent the dragon from licking him. He pushed the dragon off but not before Toothless got a lick on. "Aaagh!"

Hiccup chuckled behind a hand before he heard sounds of drums and horns. "Oh Thor! The dragon race, we'll be late!" he went to Jack and pushed him un to Toothless.

"WOAH WOAH! What are you-?!"

Hiccup got on and gripped the saddle. "Hold on, Jack. Ready bud?"

"What?! Wait, wait, slow down, slow down! No, not ready, not re-EEEEEE!" Jack yelped, grabbing Hiccup's shoulders. "HICCUP! GET ME DOWN FROM HERE!"

Hiccup laughed, shaking his head. "Come on, Jack, it's fun!"

"I AM NOT LISTENING TO ANYTHING YOU HAVE TO SAY! PUT ME DOWN!"

Hiccup rolled his eyes, and even if no one can see it, so did Toothless. "Fine, fine. I won't speak," he sighed. "Just let me show you, then."

"Forget it! Get me off this freakin' stupid lizard!"

Toothless snarled, not appreciating the name calling. He bucked his behind, jolting Jack to the air, surprising Hiccup too but the brunette was still on him. Toothless flipped backwards, grabbing Jack with his claws and repeatedly tossing him to the air and catching. Jack screamed, flailing his arms madly, his knuckles on his right hand so white from gripping unto his staff tightly.

"TOOTHLESS! What are you doing, we need him to like it!"

Toothless huffed, throwing Jack into the air but this time soaring to catch the white-haired teen on his back. Jack clutched Hiccup for dear life just in time as Toothless started spinning madly.

"And now he's spinning," Hiccup deadpanned as Jack screamed. "thank you for nothing, you useless reptile."

~o~

When Toothless finally had his fun and after Jack apologized for the name-calling, Hiccup flew back to the village and towards the arena where they once killed dragons but was now the training grounds. And on special occasions, an starting point for dragon races.

"Made it just in time!" Hiccup laughed.

Jack raised a brow. "For what?"

"Hiccup!" Stoick grumbled when Hiccup was hovering the Chief's chair, where his father sat, with Valka sitting beside him on other less grand-looking chair. "the dragon race is about to start, and an INDIVIDUAL race," he glared pointedly at Jack. "get in there and drop that lad."

Hiccup groaned, rolling his eyes. "Come on dad, we're in debted to him remember? He can't participate as an individual since he has no dragon, so let him tag along with me so he can still join in." he frowned.

"No," Stoick shook his head. "he doesn't belong here."

Jack scoffed, rolling his eyes. _Yes, let's pretend I'm not here._

"I started this event anyway, can't you let me decide who gets to play?" Hiccup pointed out.

"Absolutely not in this cas-!"

He was cut short by a jab from Valka. "Stoick..." she said warningly. "you owe him."

Stoick grunted. "Ahh fine!"

"Thanks mom!"

...

Jack blinked, not understanding the purpose of the event he was somehow thrust into (sort of) participating in. A bunch of other individuals his age were flying around the island of Berk, and when getting back to the village, a sheep would be flung to the air and they, including Hiccup, would fight over it.

Hiccup couldn't manuever as crafty as he wanted because Jack wouldn't be used to it so they were behind, but he didn't really care much. He was having fun. "Jack!" he screamed. "Incoming sheep, catch it then hang on!"

Jack blinked, as soon as he was the sheep however, he held tight onto Hiccup's shirt and made a grab for the livestock. Before the others could go after them, Hiccup signaled Toothless to burst into a speed flight.

"Why are we doing this?!" The older boy had finally asked aloud, keeping a firm grip on the sheep. "What's the point of this training?"

Hiccup laughed, taking the sheep from Jack as they were approaching the arena again. "Training?" he passed his base and threw the ship down to a mesh net below, representing his points. "This is just for fun!"

"Fun?" Jack repeated, as though he hasn't been using the word in a while.

Fishlegs flew over head, a sheep under his arm. "Yeesh, Ya gotta get out more often."

"Fun!" Astrid swooped past the blond and stole his sheep. "YEAH!" she threw it to her net. Even if she didn't, she would still be leading.

"Yeee-haa!" Eret screamed, three sheeps with him, two under his arms and one on his shoulders. He threw it to his net. "Three points!"

Jack looked around as the final lap started, noticing all of those around him laughing and screaming. He decided to go along with it, "Yeee-haa?" he tried again, with more feeling. "YEE-HAAA, YEE-HAAA!" he started laughing, feeling silly but not caring. "Wooooo-hoo!"

Hiccup beamed, happy Jack was now having fun too

Stoick watched the entire race with earnest. While he was suspicious of Jack, he can't help but feel happy because it seemed like Hiccup was really having a great time out there compared to all those other previous times.

But he was still indecisive.

They made the full circle around the island once more. As soon as they were in sight of Berk, however, the first thing Jack noticed that only one sheep was released, and it was a black sheep.

"BLACK SHEEP! Come on, Skullcrusher, we need that ten points to be the shoo-in winner!"

"Stormfly, go!"

"Let's get 'em Meatlug!"

Hiccup turned to Jack, grinning. "Come on Jack, Toothless, we can still win this thing yet!" The older boy didn't really understand most of what was going on, but he did know he never lost a thing in his life. He wasn't going to start now.

"Let's do it!"

Astrid was the first one to reach the blacksheep. She held it tightly against her, grinning as Stormfly maneuvered to head straight back to the arena. Suddenly, they were both jostled by Fishlegs and his Groncle ramming into them. But he forgot to grab hold of the Blacksheep and even when he tried fumbling for it, it continued to fall.

Into Eret's arms. "THANKS!" he laughed, speeding to the arena.

"Damn it Fishlegs!"

"ASTRID, you poked Meatlug's eye!"

Eret laughed, positive he was going to get the black sheep to his eyes. He tightened his hold on the ship, squinting his eyes and

keeping his eyes forward. So his scream was caught in his throat when Jack's face was right in front of him.

"SURPRISE!" Jack grinned, jumping down on Skullcrusher and keeping balance. "Good day for flying, huh?"

Eret smirked, standing on top and blocking Jack from getting to the sheep. "It sure is, good day for winning too, so you're not getting your hand on this baby."

"Firstly, a young sheep is a lamb." Jack said smartly. "second, I wasn't trying to get it."

Eret heard rustling behind him, and when he looked back, he saw Hiccup hanging upside down and grabbing the black sheep. They caught each others eyes. "Thanks Eret!" Hiccup grinned, swinging back on top of Toothless.

"What the-?!"

Eret looked back at Jack just in time to see him giving him a mocking salute. "See ya!" The white-haired teen leapt and got back on to Toothless just as they were nearing the arena. "let's win this thing then!"

When they got back to the arena, Hiccup propped himself on his knees, and flung the black sheep down to his mesh net, "YEAH!" he stood, and they cheered.

"ALL RIGHT!" Jack thrust his fist to the air. "We w-!"

"Lookout!" Fishlegs screamed, and his partly blinded Groncle knocked into the Nightfury.

Surprised, Toothless couldn't angle himself and ended up falling into the mesh net. Jack and Hiccup yelled, falling off him before Toothless fell into the net. Jack managed to grab hold of the mesh with the crook of his weapon even though it's bladed the rope didn't cut easily, but Hiccup was flung forward and the net was far out of reach.

"Hiccup!"

From this height, a falling person wouldn't be normally killed. But they would still get broken bones. Jack tried reaching out, but Hiccup was already falling. So he did the only thing he could think of, he let go of his staff and straightened himself towards the brunette, falling faster.

Hiccup kept flailing his arms futilely, not realizing when arms were wrapped around his waist till Jack spoke to his ear.

"JACK! We're still falling!"

"Tuck your legs in!"

"Tuck what?!"

"Just do it!"

Hiccup did what he was told, paling as the hard pavement was closing in, the roaring crowd drowned out his father's scream. He shut his eyes tight, preparing for pain, not seeing how Jack had his arm forward, nearing the ground, the first thing that made contact with it was Jack's open palm, using the ground as leverage to roll forward, and into a perfect sitting position, Jack's legs spread open with Hiccup settled perfectly between them.

Hiccup blinked, they were all right? He got out of an accident without a scratch? That was a first. He turned his head, not realizing Jack was leaning over to check if he was all right, and their lips lightly brushed.

Thunder running through their spine, they pulled apart, cheek blushing furiously.

"-have the winners!" Gobbert's booming voice interrupted, and he lifted both boys up forcefully. "Regent Hamish and Jack!"

The Berkians cheered, everyone oblivious of the two boys stealing glances at each other, smiling shyly, before looking away before the other could catch them looking.

Berkians picked Hiccup up, cheering for him all the while. Hiccup yelped, flushing this time from the attention, Jack chuckled fondly, sneaking away before the Berkians could get to him too.

However, as soon as he exited the area, he was picked up bodily and dumped into a sack, nothing by an indignant cry of "HEY!" leaving his mouth. And the next thing he knew, he was struggling to get out only to be roughly dumped unto a stone floor and when he peeked his head out, he sees a large man standing directly in front of him.

"Ah, there he is!" North beamed. "Jack!"

Jack blinked, recalling this man to be whom Pitch called to be head Guardian. He didn't expect the guy to be jolly, though, especially after basically kidnapping him. "You gotta be kidding me," suddenly, he was lifted to his feet once more. "hey, hey, put me down!"

He was dropped to his barefeet gently this time.

"Hope they treated you well," North smiled kindly, and Jack looked back to see Berkians in similar blue cloaks to what he wore.

Jack rolled his eyes, kicking his staff back to his hand. "Yeah, I love being tossed into a sack and shoved into some stranger's lodge." he deadpanned.

"Ah, good, that was my idea. Sandy, Aster, stand by the door." North said, and the two guardians followed his orders.

The Head Guardian then placed a kind hand on Jack's one shoulder. Normally, Jack would recoil in hostility. But there was something nice and kind about the man's eyes that refrained him from doing so. Jack looked at the rest of the room however, seeing the two men who kidnapped him, a tall ponytailed man and a tiny, stout fellow. A young woman sat on a stool, smiling excitedly at Jack.

North clapped his hands together. "Now, Jack, introductions. This are

Aster, Thiana, and Sandy. We are the big four of the guardians." he introduce respectively.'

The teen looked uncaring, almost bored. "So what, did I do something bad? Is an Outcast not allowed to win races?" Jack rolled his eyes once more.

North laughed, shaking his head.

"Okay, then can anyone tell me why I'm here?"

Aster grunted, seemingly pissed. Thiana just smiled and Sandy tried making hand gestures to explain.

"That-That's not really helping but thanks, little man." Jack sighed, looking squarely on the largest man, who he assumed called the shots. "Well?"

"You may be outcast to most, but for us, we are officially wiping clean your slate." North said, making a gesture of patting his arm.

Jack raised a brow. "How come?"

"Good question..." Aster scoffed.

"How come? I'll tell you how come!" North beamed, jumping in front of him. "because you are now, Guardian!"

Dead silence followed as Jack registered the words. He looked befuddled, _This was not the plan! _"What makes you think I want to become a guardian?"

**A/N: I saw this video teaching parkour rolls, and it showed also how you can use a parkour roll to break a landing if done properly. So I went with that. Not very cool, but it's the best thing I could think of. **

6. Falling In Love Tonight

**A/N: This story doesn't seem to be as popular as my other Disney au's... Well, you got good works, and you got bad ones. I'll keep going anyway. Thank you for those of you who read and support my works. **

^_^ A smile can save a life

Falling in Love Tonight

Everyone stared at the teenager, silently, different expressions on their faces. But Aster was the only one looking unfazed. Finally, North bursted out laughing, waiting for the others to join in. Thiana just smiled awkwardly at him, Sandy shrugged unsurely.

"Of course you do." North deadpanned. "now let's get you in full uniform. Aster, shoes!"

Jack slammed his staff down. "NO SHOES!" he scowled, effectively silencing them all and getting them to pay attention. "you don't want

to me. I just got here at Berk. Mr. Chief hasn't completely warmed up to me either."

"That's exactly what I said." Aster scoffed, nudging Thiana, smirking as if to say _I told you so._

Thiana nudged back and approached Jack. "Listen, I don't think you know what exactly called us to do this." she faced North, and he nodded. Thiana continued. "we're not just making you a guardian for the sake of having more recruits. Up until now, for decades, we have yet to find anyone worthy to take North's place. See, a Head Guardian's term of position is as long as the current chief."

"So long as Stoick is chief, I am Head Guardian. But when Regent Hamish takes over, I have to step down and become regular Guardian. And a new head guardian is assigned." North finished, nodding towards Jack. "You."

Jack gawked at that. "ME?!"

Thiana clapped her hands. "A Head Guardian must be loyal to his Chief, and put others ahead of himself." she explained. "He must be able to handle the threats directed at Berk and its Chief. It's a big responsibility."

"Only more reason to pick someone more qualified!" Jack scoffed, placing his staff on his shoulder and made a move to leave, only halting at the shining beam of light from a window, and he whipped his head back, feeling warmth touching his back. "Huh?"

North stood beside an unravelled ice statue of Hiccup and him, the symbol on their chest was barely able to make out. "Pick? You think we pick? You were chosen. By Man in Moon." he gestured to the window.

"Who?" Jack raised a brow, looking out the window and seeing the moon, which was a bit weird cause it wasn't anywhere near sun down. "Seriously? You're taking orders from a moon?" he snorted. "Wow, you guys must feel really stupid and insecure to not be able to make your own calls... No offense."

"How is that _NOT _offensive?!" Aster scowled, getting into Jack's face. Aster was not very trusting, and with Jack's attitude, it didn't really make things better. "ya know, I think we're better off without a Head Guardian if he's it. Regent Hamish wouldn't want him under his beck and call."

Jack raised a brow, returning the scowl, feeling irritated. Then, he smile cockily. "Might wanna recheck that. If you remember, he wanted me on his team for that Dragon race." he pointed out. "And I saved his life... Twice."

"Yeah, but your kind has caused trouble for us more times than you saved his life. You betrayed Berk. And not everyone wants you," Aster sneered, shoving the teenager. "up until yesterday, no one even knew you existed."

Jack had nothing to say to that, his expression tight.

"Aster," Thiana chastised. "Enough!"

Jack pulled off nonchalance, waving a careless hand. "No, no. The old grump is right." he drawled, walking out.

"The _what_?!"

North glared at Aster. "Nice going." he rolled his eyes. "sometimes I wonder why you even stay guardian." The moon continued shining down on the statue, and he looked out, as if to listen, before nodding. "I understand, Manny."

"What did he say, North?" Thiana asked.

"Damage control time." North said. "I need your help, Toothy. Come with me,"

Thiana raised a brow.

Jack slammed the door shut on his way out and walked off until he was a fair distance from the Guardians' Head Quarters. "Damn it!" he pounded his fist on a nearby tree. "snotty, overbearing, high-and-mighty, self-preserving..." he grumbled.

He didn't know why he was so fazed. He's been through harsher training that would make the man's insults seem like a little pinch. Jack shouldn't let it bother him, he wasn't there to prove anything to them, he wasn't trying to belong there. It wasn't his fault he was an Outcast, he never did anything wrong and Berk just cast him out by affiliation. It wasn't fair. He owed nothing to these people.

These are the things that should annoy him the most of what the man said, it was always the things Pitch told him to fuel his anger for these people. But strangely enough, what really bugged Jack is what Aster said in relation to Hiccup.

No matter how hard he tried to fight it, he liked the boy. From all the horrible things he heard about the Hairy Hooligan tribe, Hiccup did not fit any of them. And the brunette didn't seem to judge him or spite him at all for being an Outcast. And when they accidentally kissed, Jack found that he would very much want to do it again...

"There you are!"

Jack blinked wide eyes, that were looking into emerald ones, and he gasped, flinching back to fully view Hiccup laughing at him, even the dragon beside him gave his own draconic laugh. Jack clutched his heart, pretty sure it would stop beating some time soon. Miraculously, it didn't.

"What on-?!" Jack shook his head, glaring half-heartedly at the younger boy. "how did you sneak up on me? NO ONE sneaks up on me easily."

Hiccup smirked, waving a finger on in front of his face. "_The trick here is to catch your opponent either unaware or by surprise.' _Right?" he teased.

"I said that about hand-to-hand combat and choosing good combos." Jack scowled. "not combos."

"Well, it can still apply here." Hiccup shrugged, still smirking, "so where have you been? I've been looking for you for a while."

Jack huffed, about to make a comeback, but it stopped short. "Huh? Why have you been looking for me?" he raised a brow.

Hiccup made a look that said _really? _"Hmm, well, let me think, I was searching for this guy who I not only won the race with, but who also saved my life or at least my bones, so I wanted to celebrate it with him and was wondering if you've seen him~" the brunette drawled and paused for effect. "Oh wait, that was you, wasn't it?" The smirk returned.

"You-me..." Jack felt a bit dumbstruck. "how about with the villagers?"

Hiccup's smirk dropped to a smile, taking Jack's hand. "They can have their own celebration. So how 'bout it, Jack, ready to fly?"

"I..." Jack slowly started to smile. "as long as Toothless doesn't mess with me this time."

Hiccup chuckled, letting go of his hand to mount on Toothless. "No promises."

Jack laughed, shaking his head, and hopping on to Toothless with Hiccup. As soon as he got on, Toothless launched into the skies. Jack was ready this time though and immediately had one arm around Hiccup's waist, the other one fisting his staff and thrust to the air. "WOO-HOOOO!"

~O~

Flying through the Northern Lights, and Jack thought he never saw anything more beautiful. No, not the colorful lights. But the lights basking Hiccup and being reflected in his eyes. And he realized, at that moment, what his life was all about before this boy with him wasn't living. Because he needed his heart to live properly in life.

But he left his heart to the boy he met years ago. And it was only now that Jack got it back again.

After the flight trip with Toothless, the boys decided to mellow things down and settle back on the ground, watching the glorious sun set until it came to Nightfall. By that point, after being pleased by the grass, Toothless has fallen to a stupor. But the boys were wide awake. Hiccup and Jack laid back on a pasture, looking up at the stars above them, pointing at constellations or even other images that they pictured when they connected the dots together.

"See that? See that? Look at that! It's really cool."

"What? Oh yeah! Um-Oh look, that one looks like a Viking helmet," Hiccup smirked, pointing it out. "see the spiky ends?"

Jack took a good look before seeing what he meant. "Yeah..." he murmured. "Oh, hey! Those looks like Snowflakes, don't they?" he grinned.

"Jack. They're stars. They all look like Snowflakes." Hiccup deadpanned.

Jack nudged him. "Well, sorry, I never played this before."

"Really?" Hiccup looked at Jack for a moment, "Cause my parents and I used to do this all the time." he smiled, and looked back to the sky, Jack turned his head to Hiccup. "back when I was little... Well, little-er. You would not believe how much they babied me, dad still kinda does, actually." the brunette chuckled lightly.

But Jack frowned. "At least they sound like parents..."

Hiccup blinked, looking at Jack in some kind of wonder. Jack blinked, looking at Hiccup, surprise at himself for what he blurted out. Chagrined, he got up and moved away a bit in dejection. The brunette frowned, sitting up and looking at the former outcast... Well, former outcast to him only.

Jack sighed to himself, settling in one spot. "The Guardians asked me to join their ranks earlier." he admitted.

Hiccup got up and went to stand by Jack, not looking at his eyes as he spoke. "That's great Jack, it suits you."

"No it doesn't," Jack scoffed, shaking his head. "I'm an Outcast, I didn't even exist until yesterday. I-Nobody even wants me here."

Hiccup frowned, and sighed, shaking his head. "Did Aster get to you?"

"Huh?"

"He's like that to all new guardians, or so North tells me, don't let it bug you. It's a phase," Hiccup nudged his shoulder. "And I don't know about the rest of Berk, but I want you here, I-" he met Jack's eyes. "-want you to be a Guardian."

Jack looked into Hiccup's eyes as well. "Really?"

"Yeah,"

The older boy sighed, shaking his head. "Well, it's not like I can just become a guardian, after what Pitch..." he bit his lip, his eyes downcast. "You know, he was never really my father, but he took me in... he was part of me, he... wouldn't want this."

"Sometimes, Jack, you just... have to decide what you want." Hiccup told him. "dad told me... there's just a... darkness in Pitch that he couldn't escape. His darkness was hatred." he said quietly.

Jack couldn't have said it better himself. "Maybe there's a darkness in me too..." Jack sighed deeply. Hiccup said nothing more as he wrapped his arms around Jack's waist, nuzzling his chest. The taller boy stiffened before relishing the embrace.

Toothless woke up and stretched, he blinked his eyes at the two

humans, and, realizing they weren't planning to leave soon or fly, he made his exit to return home.

Unbeknownst to the boys, Stoick was watching them over a cliff's edge. He grunted, rubbing his creased forehead, looking up to the stars and moon.

"Manny, I am lost. Jack is one of them, Drago's chosen one." He shook his head. "how can I accept him?"

Suddenly, Stoick heard the familiar voice of his wife, "Stoick?" The chief turned around, Valka approached him, settling to stand by his side, giving him a questioning look. "What are you doing?"

"I was... seeking counsel from the great MiM." Stoick managed a small smile.

Valka smiled back softly. "Did he help?"

"Silent as the stars," Stoick said dejectedly. "An outcast and my son, Valka. My father would never..."

Valka interrupted. "Oh Stoick," she embraced her husband, "you want so much to walk the path expected of you," she smiled knowingly. "but perhaps Jack does not."

"What..." Stoick widened his eyes, and looks at Valka incredulously. "...How do you know that?"

Valka chuckled, releasing her hold on the man. "I can see them down there just as easy as you can," she said pointedly. "it's time to let go a little bit of the traditional Viking way, dearest one, just get to know him and see." she turned away and left Stoick to his thoughts.

After a moment, Stoick left too.

Suddenly, Jack realized the situation he was in, and he recoiled from Hiccup, clearing his throat. Hiccup blinked up at him, confused.

"What's wrong?"

"N-nothing," Jack looked away from the regent. "it's nothing."

The brunette tried looking at Jack's face. "Jack?"

"It's just that..." Jack bit his trembling lip, looking at Hiccup desperately, "for my whole I've been trained to..." he cuts himself short abruptly, conflicted, seeing those beautiful emeralds, unable to have those eyes look at him with hatred and distaste, not that he didn't deserve it or anything. "Ugh... Nothing... I gotta go." he walked away once more.

Hiccup's frown deepens. "Jack, wait."

Jack stopped in his tracks, turning his head back a bit, seeing Hiccup pout so cutely it should be criminal, how much those eyes held so much hope for him... and he was just gonna break it. The white-haired boy sighed, turning away once more. When he practically

ran into a round stomach. Jack blinked, wide-eyed, looking up at the large man in front of him.

"You again?"

"Yes, me again." North beamed. "And where are you going?"

Jack considered the question dejectedly. "Huh... No where..." He didn't think he could return to Outcast island with these feelings, but he doubted he deserved to stay at Berk with Hiccup either.

"Hah, that's what you think." The man flicked Jack's forehead, walking off.

Jack rubbed his forehead, taken aback. "Wah... what's his deal?"

"Uhhmm..." Hiccup rushed to his side, looking chagrined. "North... is a bit of an oddball sometimes. We wonder about him, too." Suddenly, they both heard a high-pitch whistle.

It was the Head Guardian. "Come on, you follow me, quickly now. We need to go," North urged, disappearing to a forest path.

Jack looked puzzled. "Go where?" he asked.

"You follow, you'll see!" North hollered when he was raised to the air with his Changewing. Hiccup and Jack exchanged looks. "Hurry now!" he took off.

Hiccup rushed towards the forest path, wondering why Toothless left and when. But he knew anything North did was always good and it could help alleviate the situation. "Jack, come on!" he laughed.

Jack quickly went after the brunette. "But where's he taking us?"

~o~

Hiccup and Jack went into the woods, and North was gone. How a large man with a dragon managed to disappear so fast is a mystery. Suddenly, they heard another voice, a beautiful, entrancing female voice, but couldn't see its owner.

"Can you feel it?"

Jack and Hiccup whirled around, trying to find the source of the voice. Hiccup recognized it as Thiana, but where was she? What are she and North up to? He always knew that those two had something going on, but this was a bit confusing. Why bring them all the way out here?

"What?" Jack called out. "what are you talking about?"

"Beatings... of your hearts... Listen..."

Suddenly, fireflies surrounded the boys. They blinked, their eyes following two certain lights each, ones emitting a green and blue light. In the process, they were made to face each other, eyes locking.

"There's a special place in your hearts... called love."

There was suddenly a gust of wind, forcing them together, the strength of the breeze bringing them closer. Both of the boys blushed, unsure what to do, when Jack felt a large hand behind his head, and two gentle hands behind Hiccup's, and suddely, those hands gave a push.

And their lips met.

First, both boys widened their eyes, before shutting them. Jack dropped his weapon and wrapped his arms around Hiccup's midsection, deepening the kiss. Hiccup moaned into the kiss, his hand against Jack's chest.

It was love.

Hiccup and Jack pulled apart, cheeks flushed. They held hands, deciding to go out for a moonlight walk. The moon seemed to smile down on them, and it was shinning in approval. Thiana approached her partner dragon, the Changewing North rode earlier, and smiled, stroking it behind it ears. "Nice touch with the wind, girl." she cooed. "did that do it, North?" she looked up to the man.

"Quite," North smiled, peeking out to the clearing as the two boys left. "but how 'bout a little something more?"

"There's a calm surrender"

"to the rush of day."

_"When the heat of a rolling wind _"

"can be turned away."

"An enchanted moment, and it sees him through."

"It's enough for this restless warrior just to be with him.""

Jack smiled brightly as Hiccup walked ahead of him, but their hands locked firmly between them. He didn't know the brunette that very long, but he could tell the boy was so dishevelled right now to look at him at the face. However, this didn't mean Hiccup was ready to let go of Jack any time soon. It made Jack ridiculously happy, to have this person love him for all its worth.

"And can you feel the love tonight?""

"It is where they are."

"It's enough for this green-eyed wonderer"

"that they got this far.""

"And can you feel the love tonight?""

"The peace in two young hearts?""

"their world for once in perfect harmony,"

with a love that can't be torn apart."

The boys made it to a cove with a lake nearby, going down it to stop for a quick rest and maybe even a bit of drink. They did run to get here. Hiccup cupped his hands, scooping some water and bringing it to his lips. Jack just looked at the boy that captured his heart, pondering about the reason he was suppose to be here for. If Hiccup ever found out, would he still accept him? He couldn't risk it...

**So many things to tell him,**

**but how to make him see;**

**The truth about my task?**

**Impossible. He'd turn away from me.**

Hiccup felt eyes on him and looked up to meet Jack's gaze. The white-haired young man smiled softly, and the brunette remembered the kiss they just shared, chills running down his spine. Jack was such a wonderful person... So why couldn't everyone else see that? Why couldn't his dad see that? Even Jack didn't seem to think much of himself. The brunette believed with all his heart that Jack belonged in his world, that when he'll be Chief, Jack would make a perfect Head Guardian... Can't anybody see that? He trusted Jack with his life... And his heart.

**He's holding back, he's hiding.**

**But what, I can't decide.**

**Why won't he be the Guardian I know he is,**

**the Guardian I see inside?**

Jack smiled mischievously, running off and disappearing to the trees. Hiccup's eyes followed curiously, wondering what the guy was up to when the next thing he knew, Jack jumped off a high point, diving into the waters, and not rising up again. In panic, Hiccup rushed to the water's edge. When he did, Jack resurfaced only to bring Hiccup back down with him.

Hiccup gasped for breath as he resurfaced, rushing to climb back to dry land. He wouldn't mind if it was morning, but with it being nightfall, the water was freezing. Damn, he was freezing. Jack smirked, climbing up next to him, unfazed by the cold. Hiccup narrowed his eyes at the older male, smiling coyly. Hiccup placed his hand against Jack's face and shoved him back to the water. Hiccup laughed, running off.

"There's a time for everyone if they only learn

That the twisting kaleidoscope moves us all in turn

There's a rhyme and reason to the wild outdoors

when the hearts of these star-crossed youngsters beats in time as one."

Jack climbed back up and ran after the regent, climbing over the rocks. Hiccup turned, running backwards, raising his hands as Jack made it to tackle him when they made it to the top. Because of that, they ended up toppling over and going off a slope, rolling downhill. Finally, they crashed landed, the older male topping the younger. Fireflies surrounding them once more, along with the single green and blue one. But this time, there were more of them coming. Jack laughed, eyes closed and not looking Hiccup's way. The young regent smiled up at Jack adoringly, contented.

_ "Can you feel the love tonight, _
_ you needn't walk too far._
_ Stealing through the night's uncertainties, _
_ love is where they are."_

Hiccup wrapped his arms around Jack's neck, bringing it lower to kiss him fondly on the cheek. Jack widened his eyes, looking at Hiccup, baffled and maybe a little scared. The brunette smiled affectionately, invitingly. Jack looked down at him, smiling softly, and leaning down to kiss him full on the lips, a hand moving under the brunette's garments.

_ "And now they fall in love tonight,_
_ they have laid to rest_
_ It's enough to make Chiefs and Guardians,_
_ believe the very best."_

North smiled, putting his arm around Thiana. They got on the dragon, and made to leave, deciding to give the two boys their intimate privacy.

A/N: Major OOCs, so I apologize for that. This story seems to be going by quicker than I thought. Well, next chapter, I'll be covering Pitch and the Alfa. Leave reviews please.

7. Not One of Us

A/N: Sorry for going off the grid for a while, but you know, midterms and all that jazz. :D But I'm back! And to Mizookie, if you are thinking that they did **_you know what **_**then you are right. Guest reviewers, I would like to respond to your feedback every now and then, so please leave a name next time so I can shoutout. Anyway, let's start.**

For anyone who expected me to write the intimate moment in detail, Sorry, I'm not good with smut. If you wanna write up a sidestory of the smut, by all means, go ahead.

I don't own anything

^_^ A smile can save a life

****Not one of Us****

When Jack and Hiccup returned the next late morning about lunch time, going to bathe in a lake before they made their way back to the Village, the boys were surprised that Stoick didn't really throw a fit like expected, even when they showed up with Hiccup being carried bridal style, because his backside was still a tad (okay, a lot) sore from their (erm) activity the night before, Jack being too rough.

Not that the boys were complaining.

So Hiccup has to return home for lunch. The two boy smiles shyly at each other, Jack rubbing the back of his neck while Toothless came over, curious why his rider's gait was odd and gave a draconic glare to who he thought was the culprit, Jack.

"So, uh, I'll see you around?" The brunette asked, looking through his bangs.

Jack almost pounced at the adorable expression, but he resisted the urge to. "Sure, I'd like that."

Hiccup gave him a one-arm hug, biting back a wince before releasing the older boy. He puts an arm around Toothless for support before they both walk off to the manor, and Jack rested his staff on his shoulder, going back to his tree on the outskirts of the village. Hiccup may be light, but walking all the way back carrying him still gave him cramps. He decided to search for food later.

Jack just settled down and was contemplating on going to North, to ask about that guardianship thing, when someone over-shadowed him. His instincts making him tense, he looked up and flinched at the sight of Stoick. He swallowed, thinking maybe somehow the chief knew what he and his son were up to last night and now he was screwed. However, the man surprised the teenager with a soft albeit awkward smile.

"You must be starvin' from carryin' my lad all the way here, aye?"

Jack could only stare, unsure how to respond right now. What form of trickery was the man up to? Sensing this, Stoick managed a short chuckle.

"C'mon, lad, join us for some salmon and icelandic cod."

The Chief held a hand out. Jack smile coyly, accepting the hand, Stoick pulled him up and they headed back to the mansion with an air of ease between them. Unaware of the figures watching them amongst the shadows of the woods.

~O~

Pitch had a self-satisfied smirk on his face. After much deliberation and channeling of his dark arts, a trait passed down from his ancestry, he finally managed to summon out the black Alfa from its slumber below the deep dark blue waters. After years of planning, holding back his powers and preserving it, his efforts paid off. The black Alfa was at his beck and call. Everything was going as planned

as well. The outcast were hard at work, training for whatever may happen. And Pitch had to admit, although annoying, Dagur was exceptional. Next to him and Jack, the deranged teen could definitely hold on his own.

His smirk, however, wavered and fell upon hearing news from Snotlout.
"You're sure?"

"Yeah. I saw it with my own eyes."

Pitch growled, turning away from the buffed brunette, his eyes pierced in a glare and his mouth down to a scowl. "No, Jack cannot betray us!"

~o~

Hiccup was, needless to say, surprised that his father actually invited Jack to have lunch with them. Honestly, he found it easier to believe that Jack would be invited to an execution first before Stoick would get around into inviting Jack to eat with them especially if he found out about last night. A blushed crept up his cheeks and hid his freckles. Whatever brought about this change, Hiccup hoped it kept on like that.

Shortly after lunch was finished, Jack felt uneasy. At first he wondered if his portion had been poisoned. But he didn't think the chief was like that. Jack knew the real reason. It seemed like he was actually being accepted. Stoick invited him to lunch, Valka chatted with him animatedly, and Toothless didn't try eating him (probably cause he was busy devouring a barrel of fish.)

And here he was, a part of a scheme of taking them out.

Jack politely excused himself and left their dinning hall. Hiccup would've followed him out but he was still halfway through his meal. Jack was now in the middle of pacing outside the manor's gates.

"Okay-I have to tell him." he groaned, running a hand through his hair. "Oh... where do I start? _'Hiccup... Pitch had a plot, and I was part of it... B-but I don't wanna be! because-_" Jack's gaze turned downcast, biting his lip. "_'it's because I love you.'_" he sighs deeply. "Oh, he'll never believe me, and it'll be even more plain to him that I don't deserve him." Still, the thought of giving the boy up left a void of emptiness in his heart. "But I gotta try."

Jack returns, climbing the steps to the entrance of the manor just as Hiccup was coming out. Hiccup smiles brightly at him, but immediately took notice of Jack's serious expression. They walked towards each other.

"Hi-Hic, I need to talk to you."

A voice interrupts. "Hiccup." Stoick cut in sternly. Both boys flinched, looking at the man. "I don't want you talking with him." he said, before softening his voice. "I want to talk with him."

Hiccup's face brightens; Stoick nods at him, Jack still looks a bit

worried. But he went along with it. Stoick and he go down the steps and proceeded to leave the premises. Hiccup looked on after them, feeling hopeful. Stoick led and Jack followed his lead. They walked around Berk a bit. For some reasons, Stoick explained Berk to Jack, like what is was like living there and how one ought to live there. It puzzled Jack, why the man was telling him these things.

Eventually, Stoick suggested fishing. So they went through the woods, travelling to the beaches. While going there, Stoick tells Jack a story, the account on why he had no choice but to exile some of the Berkians whom are now the Outcasts.

"Drago couldn't let go of his hate... and in the end, it destroyed him." Stoick explained, putting bait on his line of the fishing pole.

Jack clutched his Staff, frowning. "I've... never heard the story of Drago that way." he shook his head. "He truly was a killer."

"Any adversity is killer." Stoick raised his head, his line tugging and he reeled in a tiny fish. He threw it back. "The dragons were our enemies once, our forefathers would probably laugh if they could see us now. I remember all those nights we stayed up till dawn to keep this village from burning to the ground, But y'know, lad, sometimes what's left behind can turn out better than what came first," The man pulled on his line once more, reeling a larger fish and digging his nails into it for a better grip as he held it out to Jack. "you just have to let the bad ones go first."

Jack smiled up at the man. "Admittedly, fish is not the best analogy for that."

"As long as you get the idea, then I don't really care what's a better analogy."

The two exchanged smiles. Stoick opened his mouth, as if to say something, and Jack felt it was something positive the way things were going when they hear an evil chuckle. Jack gasps as he realizes what's happening. Many ex-Berkians, that is to say, Outcast, appears above the surrounding promontories.

"No..." Jack paled considerably, and that was saying a lot, while Stoick scowled, cursing that he had forgotten to bring his hammer. "oh, no... no..."

Pitch jumped down from one of the promontories, smirking down at Stoick, his scythe in one hand, "Why, Stoick..."

"Pitch," Stoick grunted.

"What are you doing out here, and-so alone?" The outcasts encircle Stoick and Jack. They were back to back, Jack looking anxious while Stoick was wary and hostile. "Well done, Jack... just like we always planned."

The gears turned in Stoick's mind and he turned on Jack, fixing him with an angered expression. "You?!"

"No!" Jack looked panicked, almost desperate. "I didn't have anything

to do with this!"

Pitch held up his hand with the scythe. "Attack!"

"No!"

The outcasts attack. Stoick runs off first to get to higher ground, but seeing that the outcasts could easily catch up, he stopped and uses his shin guards and arms bands to deflect their blades, he manages to catch some of the incoming blows and disarm Tuffnut and Snotlout.

"Snotlout?! you too?!"

"Uncle, I-!"

Stoick is suddenly punched, and he realizes he can't win, he is fighting off several at once. Jack tries to help Stoick, but is battered off by Dagur and falls to the side, hitting his head on a rock. Stoick is thrown to the bottom of a ravine; outcasts slide down the slope towards him.

"Yes!" Pitch grinned, pushing forward, signaling the others to do the same. "We've got him!"

Dagur and the others attack again, forcing Stoick to flee towards the rock face, trying to climb back up.

"Remember your training! As a unit!"

Stoick is still trying to escape; climbing over the boulders piled up when he got a bit higher the rock face. Jack is frantically searching for him on higher ground on the woods, when he came passed the ledges over looking the bottom of the ravine, and he sees Stoick struggling.

Jack gasped. "Stoick!"

"Get him! Jack! Get him! Do it now!"

But Jack only disappears out of sight.

Dagur jumps forward, grabbing hold of the crevices. "I'll do it for the cause, Lord Pitch!" he bounds up, laughing maniacly. "You fools, are you watching?!" he grinned, almost reaching the man. He spoke softly, to himself, "This is who you should've chosen... Me." He nears Stoick, within an arms reach, with several unstable boulders strewn across him but he could careless. Just as Stoick reaches to the top, Dagur grabs his ankle.

Stoick grunted, and Dagur grinned.

"This is my moment of glory!"

The crevices on which Dagur's weight is supported on begins to crumble , causing him to lose his grip on Stoick's ankle and begin to fall. Stoick reaches the top, but the pile of boulders rolls down the slope with Dagur among them; he cries out and they all land in a heap at the bottom of the ravine.

"NO!" Pitch gasped.

Dagur lies trapped for his foot was lodged by a large boulder. He looks up to the top of the slope to see one final boulder rapidly falling in his direction. He grimaces, terrified, as the boulder hits him.

From wherever he was, Jack flinched at the sound of a landslide and rushed out to the open, hurrying to help free Dagur who he had really assumed to be Stoick, but he is swatted aside by Pitch, who pulls enough boulders aside to see Dagur's face. Jack steps aside, apprehensive.

'Dagur, you fool...'

Dagur is gasping for air and coughing. "What... is it... this time?" he grumbled at the rude comment, seeing as he was dying, the man could've afforded to be more remorseful.

"I did not order you to go after him, what were you thinking?" Pitch hissed, gripping on his scythe. He didn't want this. As annoying as Dagur was, he is an Outcast, part of the group that had accepted him like Drago had.

He didn't want to lose any of them.

"Well... I finally got your attention, didn't I... Heh, told you I should've been chosen..."

Pitch rolls his eyes smiles tenderly at him and rests his hand on the dying teen's head.

"Didn't I...?"

Dagur closes his eyes, his chest slowly moving until it completely stopped. He dies. Snotlout appears next to Pitch on the edge of the boulders.

"Oh, wow..." He looks in some wonder and disbelief. "He's... gone..."

~o~

Back near the entrance to the woods of the village, where Stoick is walking wearily back to the village. Hiccup is going about the village, talking to the townspeople. Apparently, there have been cases of their dragons going missing for days. It seemed that only the Guardians and Chief's family still had theirs. Suddenly, he catches sight of someone looking injured walking from the woods, and realizing who it is, he gasps dropping a barrel of fish.

"Dad!" He looks around, and spots Gobber. "Gobber, get mom!"

Gobber looks wildly before realizing the situation. "Oh aye! Valka... at once! Of course!" he scrambles off while Hiccup runs towards his dad, seeing Astrid and Eret, he calls the over to help.

Stoick is walking with great pain. Hiccup, Eret, and Astrid reaches him.

"Dad...?" Hiccup stopped in his tracks, just noticing something was wrong, that someone was missing.

Eret puts a hand on the man's shoulder. "Chief! What happened?"

Stoick coughs, wheezing, having a hard time speaking. "Jack..." He releases a painful breath of air. "Ambush..." he collapses on his side, groaning in pain.

"No..." Hiccup's eyes widened in horror.

Astrid grabs one of Stoick's arm and braces it around her shoulders; Eret does the same with the other arm. They drag Stoick on his back, and they start to drag him back to the manor.

Hiccup looks back to the woods. "Jack..."

~o~

"Dagur... may you find Vahalla." Pitch sighs then turns on Jack, enraged. "Now as for you!" The teen looks up, shocked, and Pitch swats him across the face with the butt of the scythe's blade.

"Eeaugh!"

Jack looks away in pain, but soon turns his head, glaring at Pitch harshly. The man recoils at the sight, shocked. Jack was always so obedient to him, so loyal, now... Pitch recovers quickly.

"What have you done?!" Pitch sneers menacingly.

Jack looks lost for words. "I-I-I didn't mean to... it-it-it wasn't my fault, I..." then he remembers he had nothing to do with this, so he glowers back forcefully. "I did nothing!"

"EXACTLY!" Pitch snapped. "And in doing so, you betrayed your kind... betrayed our cause, Drago's cause!"

Jack shouts in defiance. "I want nothing more to do with this!"

"You cannot escape it! Dagur is dead because of you! And really, do you think they would still take you in?!" Pitch sneered. "You don't belong anywhere now!"

Jack backed away slowly. "No..."

"Because you make a mess wherever you go!"

Jack grimaces and runs off. "Nooo!" he disappears out of sight from among the Outcasts, many of whom are yelling in outrage at his departure.

"Let him go. Stoick has tried me for the last time... now he's turned Jack against our cause! Listen to me..." Pitch steps up to a boulder. "Stoick is injured and weak, the trappers I sent out gathered enough dragons and the Alfa must be about done getting their cooperation. Now is the time to attack!"

Snotlout frowns. "Don't you think we have had more than one deaths for today?" he asked. "Or... for a lifetime, actually?"

"Let us return to Outcast island and prepare for battle," Pitch ignores him, however. "We will take his beloved Berk... by force!"

The Outcasts let out a battle cry. Snotlout looks unsettled for some reasons, and couldn't bring himself to join in. He looked to his dead comrade, and made himself to be determined to pull through with the rebellion. If for nothing else, but revenge.

~o~

"Dad..." Hiccup shook his head, Toothless nuzzling him as his mom finishes bandaging up her husband. Thornado waits off the side anxiously while Cloudjumper was a bit more passive about the whole thing. Hiccup still couldn't believe Stoick's account on what happened. "it can't be true."

Suddenly, Gobber comes running in, saying Stoick needs to come out right away. Even in Valka's disapproval, Stoick got up from his favorite chair and heads out, his son and wife flanking him just incase followed by the dragons. They see a crowd gathered in front of their home, and a familiar figure walking in between the two sides of the crowd.

"It's Jack. What's he doing here?"

"That's Jack."

"I can't believe he's here."

"That's Jack?"

Jack looks uneasy under their stares, but his eyes lit up a bit when he catches Hiccup's eyes.

"JACK!" Hiccup beams, eyes lit up the same way. He made to run down the steps but Stoick steps in front of him, his glare cutting him off and making him stay. Hiccup flinches, wide-eyed and confused. Wasn't Stoick okay with Jack just this morning?

Jack approaches down the narrow aisle between the congregated Berkians, Guardians included. North frowns from amongst the crowd, disappointed.

"I never trusted him..." Aster scoffed.

Thiana glared at him to shut up.

"It's the Outsider..."

"It's that little mischief-maker..."

Astrid scowled. "Why I outta chop his legs off for even thinking to come back here."

"Not really a good mentail image for me after cleaning off the arena from dragon dung." Fishlegs says trivially.

"What's he doing here?"

"He doesn't belong here..."

Stoick finally spoke, his booming voice silencing the mutterings amongst the villagers. "Why have you come back?"

"Stoick..." Jack begins, grimacing. "I had nothing to do with-"

Stoick cuts him off. "You don't belong here!"

"Please..." Jack looks desperate. "I ask your forgiveness."

Hiccup sighs deeply, looking just as desperate. "Dad, please... listen to him!"

"Silence!" Stoick turns to Hiccup, who moves back to his mother's side. The man looks down once more towards Jack far below. "When you first came here, you asked for judgment..."

"Give him what he deserves!"

Stoick continues. "...And I pass it now."

Hiccup's breathing hitches, and Jack looks around the villagers sneering at him, paling.

"Kick him out!"

"That's right!"

"Tie him up to a mast and ship him off!"

"Put him on trial!"

"Judgment day is here!"

Stoick's booming voice spoke up in finality. "Exile!"

"Nooo!" Hiccup cried in dismay. The crowd cried out their agreement, drums beating as the formal exile protocol. "No!" He tried going down, be with Jack, try to convince them to give him a chance, but Thornado got in the way. "...Jack!"

Jack is driven from the manor, Vikings throwing their cudgels and knives at him, not really aiming though. Jack does his best to dodge them, deflecting them with his staff, as he ran passed the gates, only to encounter more Vikings.

_ "Deception, _

_ Disgrace, _

_ Heart as cold as his icy blue gaze. _

Jack stops short, seeing the trainees. Astrid glares at him murderously, Gobber is making a cutting gesture with his hook-hand slicing across his neck, and Eret punches a fist to an open palm. The

white-haired teen flinches before going moving away from them. He couldn't really blame anyone but himself, but he couldn't believe that these guys forgot how much fun they had just the day before.

_ "Deception," ("An outcast!")_

_ "His Disgrace," ("It shows!")_

_ "He makes a mess wherever he goes,"_

_ "Deception" ("An outcast!")_

_ "Disgrace" ("It shows!")_

_ ("You beware of these outsider types.")_

_ "Heart as cold as his icy blue gaze,"_

_ ("See you later, bittercold stranger!")_

Jack was halfway through the village when he felt something hit his head. He cringed, looking back whilst rubbing the back of his head. His eyes caught on Aster's, who at that moment just caught a returning boomerang. His heart sank, seeing how the other guardians look at him with disapproval, especially the big four.

_ "Deception" ("An outcast!")_

_ ("Just leave us alone~")_

_ "His Disgrace." ("It shows!")_

_ ("Traitor, go back with your own!~")_

_ "He makes a mess wherever he goes..."_

_ ("See you later, bittercold stranger!")_

Jack shakes his head, tears forming at the edge of his eyes. He had no where to go anymore, he didn't belong anywhere, not in Berk, and not with the Outcasts. But what broke his heart most was the fact he didn't belong with Hiccup. Refusing to look back, he kept on his way just in time as the Dragons of the Guardians launched flames at his way, and he missed Hiccup trying to break free from Thornado to go after him.

_ "Unwanted,_

_ Unworthy._

_ This is his destiny!"_

_ "Let him run,_

_ Let him live._

_ **But do not forget what we cannot forgive.**__"_

_ "And __**he is not one of us;**__

He has never belonged with us.

He is not part of us

Not our kind."

Hiccup finally breaks free from Thornado, only to have Cloudjumper block his way this time. Tears were starting to form in the corners of his eyes, and Valka frowned, very conflicted with her emotions. The teenager had hurt her husband, but sending him away caused a deeper pain within her son.

Jac finally makes it to the entrance of the woods, looking back once more, seeing such hateful expressions thrown towards him, from Berkians and dragons alike, he shuddered and flinched at such raw emotion and run further into the woods.

"Drago once brought pain to us

Now we won't trust Jack."

"For we knew he would do what he's done,

And we know that he'll never be one..."

"... of us!~"

Hiccup broke to his knees, crying, wondering where things went wrong, why couldn't his people just accept Jack the way he had? Toothless snarled at Cloudjumper and Thornado, but they snarled back at him more forcefully. Toothless fixed them with a glare before going to his rider, whinnying softly and nuzzling his head. Hiccup wrapped his arms around the Nightfury, sobbing.

"Why can't... he be... one of us?"

Jack was now completely out of sight, and he no longer heard the drums. He clutched on his chest, dropping to the ground, gasping as if in pain, never before feeling such emptiness within him. He folded his arms to the ground, burying his face into it, his staff going unnoticed, as the hateful cries echoes in his ears.

"Deception."

"Disgrace."

"Deception."

"Disgrace."

_"He'll make a mess wherever he... goes~" _

Jack let's out a blood-curdling scream, wailing as tears spilled down his eyes, drowning in his pain. It took a long while before he got back to his feet, and wandered aimlessly in the woods.

**A/N: Where is the White Alfa you ask? *grin* you will see! Haha, sorry for the delay. But when it's exam period, I have to put HiJack

aside, my good readers. Anyway, again, review please! Guest reviewers, put up a pseudonym (or codename I guess.) And please don't just put 'update soon' and leave it at that. It comes out as threatening pressure to me even when it's not intended. You can say 'update soon' along with other comments, though.**

Sad alternative, Stoick ends up getting killed instead of Dagur, and goes back to tell the Berkians and Hiccup.

"**"Don't you understand, Jack?!" Pitch glowered. "you don't belong with them, look at what you've done here!" he gestured towards the dead man's body.**

"**Jack looks conflicted. "I... I didn't mean to, I... It wasn't my fault, I-" he glared harshly. "I DID NOTHING!"**

"**"EXACTLY!" Pitch snapped. "and in doing so, you let it happen. You let us do what you've been trained to do! Your cause is ours, return!"**

"**Jack stomped at his feet. "I wanted nothing more to do with this!"**

"**"You cannot escape it, you make a mess wherever you go, and you killed Stoick." **

"**"No..." Jack backed away.**

"**"YOU KILLED YOUR LITTLE RUNT'S FATHER!"**

"**"NOOO!" Jack took off, tears spilling from his eyes.**

"**The outcasts made to go after him, but Pitch stopped him. "Let him go." he said firmly. "Stoick has tried me for the last time, and now even in his death, he turned Jack against me. Listen, Berk is leaderless with but a runt to lead them. Now is the time to attack! We will take the entire Island, by force!"**

"**The Outcast let out a battle cry. But for some reason, Snotlout didn't join them. Instead, he sneaked away from the shadows and ran off to warn the villlage.**

"**.***

"**.***

"**.***

"**"Go Jack, just go away!" Hiccup screamed, tears running down his face. "I should never have trusted you!"**

"**Jack looked desperate. "Please Hiccup, I-I didn't mean for any of this happen... I... I love you, I..."**

"**"LOVE?!" Hiccup glowered. "you killed my father! How could you do that if you do love me?! Odin's beard, how can I love you back without disrespecting my father's grave!? Leave Berk, Jack! I exile you!"**

"**"Hiccup please!"**

**Valka stepped in, and spoke with a venomous voice. "You have to go Jack, don't make us turn your exile into a death sentence."**

**"But..."**

**Tears continued running down Hiccup's face as he fixed Jack with such a hateful glare, and it burned Jack more than the sun's glare. "Go, Jack, you have nothing left here. I... I don't want to see you anymore."**

**Jack's heart broke severely, and he took off, ignoring the angry cries from the villagers. Mother and son fell into each other's arms in grief.**

If anyone thinks this would've been a better happening, sorry to say, but I cannot find the heart to officially kill of Stoick in my story. However, if you also want to know how the story would've progressed if I did go with this, review about it and I'll post the alternative as I go on.

8. Love Finds a Way

A/N: **Exams, exams, exams. xD What would we do without exams? Sorry for the delay, but like I ranted, I had mid-terms, so duh, I've been studying instead of typing. And then after the exams, I've been braindead and so writer's block followed after that. For those of you who is reading my HiJack au Snippets, the chapter eight post is an original of LuvlyLadyLexi, who, as far as I know, is no longer active in the fandom. I ask permission if I can take it, but that doesn't mean I'm certain I'll revive it. If I do, note that there will be some changes. Like the early smut, for example. Anywaaaaay, how about we start on this story, eh?**

Disneyismylife, I totally agree with your codename btw (I love Disney to death, hence my Disney au Slumber being the start of my HiJack contributions) thank you so much for the review. So here it is, the Love will find a way bit

MaxAngelofDeath, thank you for agreeing that Stoick death is too painful to pull through.

I don't own anything

^_^ A smile can save a life

Love Finds a Way

North sighs deeply, saddened and disappointed, that Jack didn't come through. "Oohh..." Thiana frowned up at him, taking his arm in comfort. They saw a shift from the corner of their eyes, and when they turned, they found Hiccup approaching Stoick.

This couldn't bode well. Stoick is standing in a dignified manner, staring off into the distance when Hiccup finally reaches him.

"Dad, please let's talk about this!"

Stoick doesn't listen. "You will not go anywhere without an escort from now on. Toothless doesn't count."

Toothless snarled at that.

Hiccup's mouth popped open, agape. "Are you kidding me? No! That's not f--"

"He used you to get to me!" Stoick turned on his son.

Hiccup backed away a bit, frowning with his eyebrows furrowing. "No!" he shook his head vehemently. "He's not like that, he... he cares about me! He knows me more than you ever would!" he spat out.

"Hiccup!" Stoick glared at his son. "Because you are my son, you will not leave the village. You will stay where I can keep an eye on you... away from that wretched, back-stabbing murderer."

"How could you say that, you don't even know him!"

Stoick turned away from Hiccup. "Whatever he convinced you into believing, it's not true. He's nothing but a liar," he ground out. "and a cold-hearted one at that, don't fall for his lies. He never cared about you."

"You-!" Tears formed in the corner of Hiccup's eyelids. "you just never believed that a runt is worth anything! You always told me to never trust an Outcast, but you also never trusted in me either!"

Stoick stiffened, and he is stung, but silenced. Hiccup loses it and runs back to the manor, Toothless making to follow, but Valka beckoned him to stop, making it clear to leave the boy to his thoughts for a while. The brunette goes up to the second floor and into his room. He threw a tantrum, knocking down anything he could and scattering papers from his desk to the floor. It took him a while to calm down long enough to see a stream of light shining through the hole in the wall Toothless usually climbs in and out of from.

Determined, he pushes his way through the wall, leaping towards the nearest tree, grabbing hold of it by a branch before jumping down to the ground. He runs off to the surrounding gates fencing the Chief home, and digging a way out. He sneaks away from the village and into Berk woods, searching for Jack.

"Jaack!"

He tracks the paths he previously went on with Jack when he first tried training him, and the path they took when they shared that lovely moment, pouring their hearts out. Even making it far enough to the same spot they spent the night on.

But Jack couldn't be found.

"Jack? Please, Jack..." Hiccup begged, trying not to break down again. He needed to find him. There was no way he was going to not see him again.

Hiccup walks through the stream they had drank water from, looking down at his reflection. Curiously, when the moonlight shone over it, only half of his body is clear. Hiccup is too frazzled to ponder about this, he continues going through the same field they watched the stars on.

"Jack..."

Hiccup wanders aimlessly, merely hoping against hope that he would stumble upon Jack by chance. He reflects on Jack and their time together, all they have seen and been through. When they first met, the boars, the trolls. Meeting again, fleeing the flames and Jack's rescue, even when he was unconscious, he felt warmth around him. The dragon race... Everything was better, everything made sense, felt right when Jack was with him.

Now, it was all so wrong. Hiccup was so lost.

In this dark, cruel world, One we've come to know

Oh why did they have us face it all alone?

Hiccup pushed forward, going through the path blindly, the moon his only light in the midst of the darkness of the night. He never felt so alone in his life. Hiccup had to rethink that. The brunette always knew he was the odd one out, even if he was Berk's regent. Maybe that's why he understood Jack, why he didn't spite him like his people did.

In a way, he was an outcast too. The outcast who lived in Berk.

People can be so cold

So I'll need your hand to hold

Hiccup felt his foot hit something. He stopped in his tracks and looked down, his eyes adjusting to the dark before the moon light helped him see a familiar object. Jack's staff. Hiccup dropped to his knees desperately, clutching the weapon as his for dear life. He never saw Jack without it, and this was slightly worrying, he begun to worry if Jack would be well protected unarmed, seemingly he forgot he himself came into the woods without being well-prepared.

But as he pressed his cheek against the body of the staff, it was as if he could feel Jack close to him, and now he just so badly wanted to see the boy again, to have him in his arms and never let him go again.

We may be afraid, alone while we're far apart

But we both know we have each other's heart

Hiccup looks up at the sky, seeing the Viking helmet and snowflake in the sky, and Jack came to his mind's eye. But really, when did he ever leave the brunette's thoughts? The animals settled in the trees for the night, feeling secure in their homes with their fellow furry companions. Even the wild dragons were sound asleep. But Hiccup didn't want to go home. Actually, there was no place to call home if Jack wasn't there with him. The only place that would be more secure

than the manor he lived in was Jack's arms.

So I know, love finds a way

_so that anywhere I go I'll be home, _

if I am safe in your arms.

Hiccup moves to a log overhanging a stream. He sits down to rest a bit, depressed and dejected, shivering a bit at the cold. When he opens his eyes and peers at his reflection through the moonlight, he sees that it is, again, only half clear. He sighed deeply, lifting his head up.

Like dark turning into day

Somehow this cold will pass

With you, I'd feel warmth at last

Once love finds a way

Hiccup sees a bush rustle, and his heart race, a smile forming wildly in expectancy. But his heart sinks when it was only a terrible terror rolling on his side while it slept. He shook his head, using the staff as leverage to make him stand. He continues wandering further into the woods, finally coming to a dead end, one of the coldest parts of the island. This is evident because there was a lake frozen over.

Hiccup begun sobbing silently, doubts begin to creep into his mind that he'll ever see Jack again.

Little did he know that Jack was right under his nose... Or above his nose, in this case.

Jack's back was leaning against the trunk of the tree from which he sat on its branch, hugging his knees close to him, keeping warm with the Guardian's cloak he still wore. He turned his head slightly, puffs of his breath being seen in the cold air. He thought about Hiccup, how the pain he felt in his heart earlier still didn't ebb, and as if his mind wanted to keep torturing him, he had an envisage of Hiccup standing in front of the lake.

He looked away, shutting his eyes, not able to bear the pain of the emptiness in his heart.

But then, Jack felt warmth hit his face, and this came from the moon, it opened his eyes, as if making him look again. And as if there was a spotlight, his vision was clearing, and he blinked his blue eyes, Hiccup was actually there. It wasn't just a vision.

I was empty with pain

Until I realize,

Love is never wrong

And so it never dies

Jack broke into a smile, the kind that looked relieved and almost desperate. He jumped down from the tree he sat on despite his position being several feet high and rushed towards the brunette. He needed to have him in his arms, he need to ascertain this wasn't just a vision that can disappear. Hiccup seems to start, raising his head as he looked back. He gasped as he saw the person running towards him, green emeralds meeting sapphire blues. Jack stopped in his tracks, mesmerize by the sheer beauty of those eyes, and his heart literally melted when he caught the tender smile that slowly started to form in those lips he kissed before.

_There's a gleaming hope, _

_Shining in your eyes _

_**And if only they could feel it too** _

_**The happiness I feel with you** _

As if Hiccup can't help it anymore, he dropped the staff and ran towards Jack, and this got the older boy to start running again himself. They met in the middle where Jack immediately grabbed Hiccup by his waist and lifted his feet off the ground and they laugh, laughed like the lovesick fools that they are. Jack brought Hiccup lower, so that their foreheads rested against the other, their nose touched in an eskimo kiss.

_**They'd know** _

_**how love finds a way** _

_**So we'll find a home** _

_**If we are there in love's arms** _

Hiccup pulled away a bit when Jack finally settled him unto his feet, catching the look of content in Jack's face, he giggled uncharacteristically, and leaned up once against to give him a peck on the cheek before running off to the lake. Jack blinked before smirking, going after the boy. Hiccup yelped, flailing his arms a bit when he felt himself losing balance on the ice but Jack was quick to intercept and gathered the boy in his arms as they skidded along on the frozen lake, almost like they were dancing in the moonlight.

_**Like dark turning into day** _

_**Somehow this cold has passed** _

_**And I feel your warmth at long last** _

_**Because love finds a way** _

Jack and Hiccup finally managed to steady themselves in the middle of the lake, smiling down at each other. Jack took in Hiccup's appearance, his breath a visible vapor made by the cold air, face flushed but he couldn't tell if it was due to the cold or something else. But he wanted to be safe than sorry. Taking fistfuls of the cloak, Jack gathered Hiccup in his arms and they kept warm amidst the cold. But even without the cloak, their love would've been

enough.

`_**We knew love would find a way**_`

Two fireflies, emitting a green and blue light, flutter around Jack and Hiccup. Jack brightens up at the sight of them, and laughing, rushes off after them, Hiccup is confused at first before he laughs as well and went along with it. Hiccup skids his ways towards Jack, making it just in time so that when he pressed against Jack, causing the older boy to tip over, they fell into the snow, they wrestle briefly, till Jack leans up and pecks Hiccup's cheek, earning a chuckle from the freckled boy.

"I thought I'd never see you again," Jack laughs, but it comes out as a choke of delighted disbelief. "Hiccup..." he leans down again and peppers the brunette's face with kisses, nuzzling his neck. "Oh Hiccup... Gods, you're real. You're real... Please don't let his be a cruel joke and disappear..."

Hiccup wraps his arms around Jack's tightly, laughing his own relief out. The stress and tension begins to roll off his shoulders. "Jack, I won't disappear." he promised.

Then they catch sight of themselves in a reflection of the ice basked by the moonlight.

"Hey, look..." Jack smiled softly. "we are one." he looks at Hiccup and cups his face.

The freckled brunette smiles back, then realizes what Jack just said, replaying it in his mind, and looks shocked. "What?"

"Let's get outta here." Jack gets up to his feet, and picked up the staff Hiccup dropped earlier. "We'll run away together! And we'll never have to deal with annoying fathers again."

Hiccup chuckles, getting up himself. "Jack..." he leaned into his lover's chest and Jack almost purrs in delight. "we have to go back."

"Wait. What?" Jack blinks, taken aback, "You're kidding. But we're finally together!"

Hiccup looks at him softly yet stern. "Our place is with the other Berkians. If we run away, they'll be divided forever." he intertwined both of their hands together. "don't you see? If this" he brought their hands up. "is ever going to work out, we need to fix this gap. Only we can do it."

Jack considers, but doesn't seem entirely convinced. Finally, he sighs, managing a smile. "Well, you're the boss. Race you back!"

They run off together, laughing. After a while, they settled in a sedate pace, merely holding hands as they walked. Jack voices out his concern, what they would do once they got back and or what Hiccup would do if Stoick chases Jack out again. Before Hiccup could answer, Jack was shoved away from him roughly and into a tree.

Ambush.

****A/N:** I'm so sorry for the delays and the cliffy... But not too sorry for the cliffy xD it's exciting. Don't worry, I'm almost going into a semestral break so I'm hoping I can get the other updates out quicker by then. I apologize severely for delays once again but I blame it on the exams rendering me braindead for the longest time. Not to mention lesson planning and demos... Anyway, please review!******

9. Only One Alfa

****A/N:** I'll be honest with you guys, while I was braindead, I actually considered discontinuance of my ficcs. I'm so happy I'm back. ******

****Hina714,** thank you for the review. The Cinderella au is still a bit rough around the edges though. So is Princess and the frog. Wherein Jack and Hiccup both sort of dies and becomes spirits. They'll become officially dead and Berk will have no future chief unless the break the spell. In Tangled!au, yes, I've been considering that. In the HiJack version though, Alvin or Drago will play Gothel, and it's mostly Hiccup being some kind of Dragon pheromone. Unbeknowst to Hiccup, Drago uses this so he can control the dragons and he created an army known as the resistance. Berk is the only one he has yet to conquer. All Hiccup knows is that the dragons surrounding his 'tower' (it won't be a tower, not exactly) are there as some sort of refugees from the cruel world. Drago gears them up for battle in another area Hiccup cannot see. Want I write a preview? I'll post it in HiJack au Snippets though.******

****Disneyismylife,** do you mean to ask what's the 'next' au or what's the 'best'? Cause the best will depend on you. If you're asking what's next, yes, Aladdin is prolly next, then Hercules, then Tangled. Unless I get a requests and prompts for otherwise. And yes, even before you made the suggestion, I already planned to have Hiccup hostage, but for a whole different reason that you will soon see. I'm not having him creep up Hic, though. Already did enough of that in the Crippled Drake. But if you happen to read my Jack Frost of the seas au, there's an Alvin creep up in the chapter I'll put out soon... At least I hope it's soon.******

****So,** I basically posted this early for you two, to answer your questions. Everyone please enjoy.******

****I don't own anything.****

****^_^ A smile can save a life****

****Only one Alfa****

Hiccup widened his eyes, barely comprehending what was happening. They were being attacked! His first instinct was to rush towards Jack. "Jack! Are you oka-?!" he trailed off as something pounced on him from behind and his face meet the ground roughly. "Argh!" he grunted.

"Hiccup!" Jack cried out, "Let go of him Pitch!"

Hiccup blinked, trying to turn his head to look at his captor. But then his arm was twisted painfully behind him and he hissed in pain, small tears brimmed of his eyelids in instinct. "J-Jack..." he winced out.

Jack glowered, and charged towards the one holding the regent captive who Hiccup assumed was Pitch. But before the older boy could get any closer, other outcasts swarmed him and a battle against one ensued. Harsh training helped Jack last long, not to mention the determination to save the boy he loved. He dodged hands that were trying to lay a blow, swang his staff, sometimes hitting an opponent with the dull edge, sometimes slicing a cut or two. When anyone would get too close, Jack would somersault, kicking the incoming outcast square on the jaw and knocking down the one behind him with his staff, but in one instance, when Jack landed on his feet, he wasn't quick enough and something tripped him over. Before Jack could start getting up, something hard knocked into his head.

"Jack!"

Hiccup gasped as the body of his lover fell limp to the ground. He struggled, trying to break free and reached the white-haired male, but he was lifted bodily off the ground and tossed to another man's shoulder.

Pitch stretched his arms, before folding them behind his back. "Take him back to the ship."

"Yes, Lord Pitch."

"No, Jack, JAACK!" Hiccup continued kicking and slamming his fist down to the back of the man who was carrying him, trying to even claw on it, but he might as well try to claw open the peak of a mountain. Nothing worked. He didn't have a clue what was going on, why this was happening.

He only knew the boy he was just reunited with was getting farther and farther out of reach. The outcasts involved in the ambush soon followed, leaving Jack there.

~o~

When he was sure no one was coming back, he went out of hiding. He pulled out a skin of water from his waist and poured it down on the unconscious male's face.

Jack sputtered, gasping and choking, his eyelids fluttering open. He was dazed for a moment before his vision cleared, and he scowled, jumping to his feet and preparing to attack.

"Woah, woah cool it Frostbite!" Snotlout glowered. "or do you not want to find out where your fishbone is?"

Jack raised a brow, wary, but he slowly dropped his fighting stance. "What have you done to Hiccup?"

"_I _haven't done a thing to the runt," Snotlout rolled his eyes. "but Pitch needs him for some kind of operation. I don't have time to explain, they couldn't have gotten far. If we hurry, we can still catch up to the ship before it sets sails."

Jack narrowed his eyes. "Why should I believe you? This could be a trap."

"Do you have any other choice? If that ship leaves without anyone on his side, your fishbone won't be alive when the operation is done with."

Jack growled, conceding to that. "Fine." he stopped Snotlout as he was about to leave. "but I'm going alone. Someone needs to go back and tell the chief."

"Woah! What now?! What makes you think you can make me do that?"

Jack scoffed. "If I'm going to enemy territory, then so are you." Before Snotlout could argue further, the white-haired teen rushed off, taking a shortcut to the beach.

"Ugh," Snotlout grumbled. "I'm gonna have to do what I don't want to here, huh?"

~o~

Hiccup was gagged, his hands and body bounded in thick ropes that he was sure left friction marks, especially from the first thirty minutes he tried struggling out of them. It took him an hour of futile attempts to break free till he finally gave up. Vikings were stubborn after all. And he kept wishing he somehow bothered to bring Toothless along when he first set out to find Jack.

Hiccup wasn't scared, not exactly. He was actually just very annoyed and frustrated. Frustrated cause he didn't like not knowing what was going on or how to get out of a situation. If there are some things Hiccup prides himself in, it's figuring things out. Like how to recalibrate a faulty contraption Gobber invented or repairing a ship with limited supplies since Trader Johann couldn't afford all the supplies in one go since he lost some of his savings on that ship wreck.

He was mostly concerned that Jack was left behind rather than his own current safety, actually. He wasn't about to freak. After all, Hiccup wasn't some kind of defenseless maiden who was taking up the role of a damsel-in-distress that is incapable of doing anything. He was just a scrawny runt of a Viking whom is currently incapable of helping himself at the moment and is desperately hoping these outcasts were stupid enough to give him an opening to escape because honestly right now without an ally he was helpless to do that on his own.

...Somehow, this argument is flawed.

Before Hiccup could start another round of frustrated attempts to break free, he heard the door open and a voice spoke.

"Are you comfortable, young fishbone?" Pitch smirked down at the young regent. "I do hope this shabby cell would do for an accomodation." he bent down and undid the gag.

Hiccup rolled his eyes. "Well, I'm pretty sure trolls grinding my

bones to bake their bread would've been much more unaccommodating, so yeah, this works." he deadpanned.

"Good," Pitch ignored the sass. It just amused him. "wouldn't want your last few moments alive to be one of unease."

Hiccup snorted. "Death threats, right on schedule. I expected that, so things seems to be going accordingly." he shook his head, "look Pitch, just tell me already, what do you want from me? It's obvious you need something otherwise I'd be dead now."

"Smart boy." Pitch chuckled. "I would kill you. You corrupted Jack and cause phase one of my carefully thought of scheme of revenge to fail. But I'll be able to get back on that later. For now, what I need is for you to bait the white alfa."

Hiccup blinked, understanding almost nothing. "White alfa? What are you-?"

"You'll understand soon enough." Pitch placed the gag back. "right now, how about some yakmilk?" he laughed heading out the door.

Hiccup frowned, having a bad feeling about this.

~o~

Right where Jack left him, Snotlout was still pacing the woods, trying to think how to get into the village, or get to his Uncle to be specific, without anyone acting violently upon his return. But being that this is Snotlout, not the sharpest axe on the shed... Enough said.

He stopped in his tracks when he heard voices.

"I can't believe we lost him again." A blond hair girl groaned, walking side by side with a taller, muscular boy. "This is the eight thousandth time!"

"You kept count?" The boy made a look.

Astrid glared at him. "I thought you were going to watch him!"

"Firstly, I'm a dude, I don't stalk other dudes, I stalk pretty females like you." Eret said matter-o-factly. "second, he's a grown guy, no guy wants to be pampered no matter how scrawny he is. He's probably hunting trolls again."

Astrid huffed. "Why do you always downplay every single crisis-wait, pretty female, stalking... what?!"

"Uhhh are you red in anger or cause you're embarrassed?" Eret grinned. "cause the latter would be cuter... OW!" he yelped, hopping on a foot. "Damn it, why is it always violence with you?!"

Snotlout swallowed, trying to creep out of site, before he would be sighted. He wasn't ready for this yet. Then, by accident as per norm, he stepped on a stray twig.

"What was that?"

"Hiccup?"

Snotlout swallowed and made a run for it, looking back every now and then. He didn't look forward, so it was only expected that he would crash into a tree... or in this case, a person.

"Snotlout?" The blond bearded Guardian looked down at the boy.

Snotlout groaned. "Damn it..."

~o~

When Jack made it to the ship just before it set sailed, he hid at the cargo hold. He knew he would rather search and find Hiccup as soon as he got in, but thinking practically, he would be screwed if he was caught. Even if he found Hiccup before then, it would be tricky to get figure out how to get away from the Outcasts.

No, he needed to get to shore first and save Hiccup subtly. Then when everyone was off the ship to go ashore, or at least few remain to guard the boat, it'll be easier to hijack the ship and make their getaway.

But he didn't expect the trip to be so long, since it seemed like they weren't just going to Outcast island, and when they finally weighed anchor, Jack had trouble keeping pace with the outcast without getting caught.

When they passed through a narrow and intricate-pathed cave, he lost the Outcasts and his Hiccup, and wandered around the cave pathways, noting the icy-like interior, wondering what dealings the outcast had that they needed to bring Hiccup here.

"I don't think Pitch ever mentioned this when he told me his plan of revenge." Jack looked around the interior of the caves. He wasn't watching where he was going, or what was ahead of him as he ran his hand across the interior of the cave, so he was caught off guard when something tackled him to the cold floor. "WHA?!"

A dragon roared in his face, and Jack cringed. What he noticed about the dragon was that it was blue, and even the eyes had the color of an ice crystal. When it bared its fangs, Jack saw that its teeth were of an ivory color with a azure glow to it. When it opened its jaw and some form of vapor gathered in its throat, Jack cried out, not wishing to be burned into a crisp. He hit the dragon's jaw with his elbow in panic.

The dragon flinched, moving back, giving Jack space and a chance to scramble away, pointing his staff towards it while his hand rested on the icy walls. The dragon roared in annoyance, coughing since it probably choked on its gas, so Jack was surprised when instead of fire, it breathed out ice.

"Well," Jack blinked. "that's new."

The dragon snarled, crouching, as if ready to pounce. Jack took his hand away from the wall, gripping his weapon with both hands, ready

to retaliate. But as soon as he did, the dragon stood straight, blinking, and cocking his head to the side.

"Huh," Jack raised a brow. "Okaaaay?" he kept his eyes on the dragon as he begun to walk off, being wary of its prescence but not of his path, so he once again tripped. "Ugh, seriously, this is pissing me off..." he grunted, pressing his hand against a pillar of an ice-like rock to pull himself up. Then the dragon started snarling again. Jack blinked before narrowing his eyes. "What is your deal?" he placed both hands on his hips. Then the dragon resumed his position from before, his head cocked to the side. "Huh?" Jack made a look. Then he looked at the ice walls and interiors of the part of the cave he was exploring. The gears in his head started to turn. He looked at the pillar curiously, and placed his hand on it once more while keeping his eyes on the dragon.

It snarled.

Jack took his hand off.

It stared.

Hand on.

It snarled.

Hand off.

It stared.

Jack blinked. "Okay, okay. I get it, no touchy then, yeesh." he rolled his eyes and begun to walk off.

The dragon scratched on his ears, then its eyes caught something. He bounded over to Jack and took the staff that was on his hand.

"Woah, woah, woah!" Jack yelled, instinctively gripping his staff with both hands. "Hey! I won't touch your things, so hands off mine!"

The dragon wiggled his head and for a moment, Jack loosened his grip, and the staff was flung to the side. Jack groaned as the dragon bounded over it.

"Come on!" he went after the beast. "it's not a chew toy!" Then, to his surprise, the dragon came back, his staff settled in his jaw, but the dragon was careful not to snap it into two. Its crystal-like ice peered into Jack's. "uhh, thanks?" Jack took one end of the staff.

The dragon let him take it. Jack stared at it for a little longer before continuing on his way once more. But the dragon got in his way, as if he didn't want Jack to leave. Jack wasn't annoyed anymore, just really confused. The dragon nuzzled the staff then waited expectantly for the human to catch on.

"Uhhh, this?" Jack raised a brow as he willingly threw his staff to the side. Excitedly, the dragon pursued the weapon and dutifully returned it to Jack, then waited for him to do this again. Humoring him for a while, Jack did this three times, and three times, the

dragon returned it to him, not seeming to be getting bored by it. Jack narrowed his eyes. "You're a dragon, not a dog. You know that, right?" he deadpanned.

The dragon just cocked his head.

Jack continued his narrowed-eyed stare for a full minute before hearing a screech of pain. His head shot up, blinking.

"HICCUP!"

~O~

Hiccup didn't have a clue what was going on when they arrived in the island, travelling to an open area of the said island. All the Outcast in this operation were gathered, settled on top of Dragons, but the dragons... They seem out of it. And Hiccup knew what Dragon's were like, and with all the weapons these men carried with them and their armor, the dragons wouldn't let them even get close. So this was concerning for Hiccup. Although he didn't have time to worry about that further as Pitch started stripping him off his upper clothing, forced down to a flat-faced rock, with the man standing before him.

"Now, you feeble runt, do you have any idea how I summoned the black alfa?" Pitch drawled, holding something suspiciously like a whip.

Hiccup swallowed nervously. "Uhhh well... I never even heard of an Alfa till now... but it's okay, I rather not know..." he answered, looking at the large dragon that almost looked as big as a mountain.

"Dark arts," Pitch ignored the answer. "I think it's because dark is associated to its color, so I assume something with the essence of light could do the trick."

Hiccup's brows furrowed, his curiosity peaked. "What does that have to do anything with me?"

"You, having tamed the Nightfury, offspring of lightening and death with a mere infant laugh, innocence, you're heart must be that pure." Pitch stretched the whip. "and what is a better essence of light than purity?"

Hiccup barely had time to react to that when Pitch brought the whip down hard across his bare back. "AHH!"

"Surely the white Alfa will reveal itself, if only to defend the innocent." Pitch continued, bringing the whip down again, and Hiccup begun seeing stars.

Hiccup bit his lip, to stop from screaming, to not give in to Pitch's expectation, he didn't really know who or what the deal is with the Alfa, but if there's something he does know, if it's a dragon and the safety could be jeopardize, then he would prevent it from happening.

He just wasn't sure he was strong enough to pull through.

Suddenly, maybe about the tenth lash, the ground beneath Hiccup's

knees begun rumble, and momentarily, Hiccup got his respite, Pitch had stopped the torture. Then, Hiccup's blurred vision begun to clear and his eyes widened when he beheld the White Alfa Pitch kept talking about.

It was almost Identical to the black Alfa. They were large, Spiky dragons with two big tusks and huge multiple wings. The front side of their bodies are covered with burr-like spikes, along with two lines of spikes along the eyelids. Although it seems they are unable to fly, their built makes them harder to penetrate as if they were strong fortresses.

And in a way, the White Alfa was. It appeared, as Pitch assumed, to aid the innocent.

As the two roared at each other, the dragon knowledge Hiccup knew of begun to stir. He totally forgot about it, never seeing them before and they were stuff of dragon legends, but what he was seeing now was Bewilderbeasts.

The Muddy and Snowy Bewilderbeast, to be exact.

There were only a hand full of their kind, maybe even less than a hand full. Bewilderbeasts are the biggest of all dragon kinds, and last time he read of them, only few remain.

And now, Pitch was aiming to kill one.

"No, no!"

Hiccup cried out, biting into the ropes on his wrists as the dragons manipulated by the black Alfa started to rise to the air, positioned as if ready to strike with the outcasts on their backs. One dragon and Outcast when ahead of the group, and was effectively knocked down by the White Alfa's tusk. The Outcast fell from his dragon, dropping his weapon, his axe, and by some dumb luck, it fell towards Hiccup and sliced through his binds.

Hiccup would probably go into a panic attack for almost being killed if not for his worry over the Alfa.

"No, leave him alone!" Hiccup grabbed his long-sleeved shirt, pulling it over him before taking a stray sword, because two outcasts were running towards him to stop him, but he swang the sword across, hitting down the spears they had, and he dropped, sliding down beneath the outcast to continue on his way.

It was unfair, all the dragons going against the Snowy Bewilderbeast. While Hiccup didn't doubt both Alfas could manipulate the lesser dragons, their could only be one Alfa they would listen to. While the White Alfa was pure in nature, not one to play a dictator, under Pitch's influence, Hiccup assumed the Black Alfa would be another story.

Hiccup saw a Dragon, one that was initially wild and probably originally in the White Alfa's side, and it was trying to fight the Black Alfa's manipulation. He ran towards it, having need to go up high slopes and to the promontory of a cliff, hoping to aid it so it could aid him.

But before he could get any closer, Pitch got in his way.

"You will not foil my plans again, runt!" Pitch glared at Hiccup, raising his scythe.

Hiccup held his sword in front of him just in time to have the blades clash. But not ever having to handle a weapon expertly, he dropped the sword upon impact. Just as he watched his only weapon roll off the edge in dismay, he heard a piercing blood-curdling cry.

He raised his head, and gasped, eyes widening in horror. One of the Black Alfa's tusk was now pierced into the Underside of the White Alfa, one of their only vulnerable places.

"Nooo!"

Pitch smirked at the brunette. "Looks like it ends here for you." he raised his scythe.

"Hiccuuup!"

Both heads turned and in the next instant, Jack body slammed into Hiccup. The brunette was shocked to say the least. Jack glared at Pitch, pointing his staff towards the man while keeping one arm around Hiccup. "You're not hurting him on my watch."

"Fine," Pitch glared back steadily. "You can go together!" From where he stood, he kicked the snow from the ground and Jack instinctively raised his arms to shield his face, so did Hiccup. In the next instance, Pitch charged and knocked them off the promontory.

The boys screamed, arms reaching out towards each other. Pitch smirked, then suddenly, a blur of blue passed him. He blinked, rubbing at his eyes. He then took note of a dragon going towards the falling boys.

Pitch snarled. "Is there no end to nuisances?" He looked up, seeing the pack of Groncles overhead. Then, he noticed the snow-capped mountain. "You lot! Ram into the mountain walls!"

The Groncles obeyed.

Jack clutched onto Hiccup for dear life, and Hiccup did the same, waiting for the impact. But when they did impact, it felt strangely soft... The boys blinked, and they noticed they were caught by a dragon.

"It's you!" Jack gasped.

If dragons could smile, this one would've.

"Who?" Hiccup blinked.

They landed on the ground below, taking notice of the Outcasts on their dragons taking off. And they felt vibrations on the ground. They only had time to look up, horrified, seeing a full-scale avalanche making its way towards them before instantly swallowing them up.

**A/N: Well? What did you guys think? See the purpose for the

deviation of the plot of Lion King 2? XD I needed to give Jack his own dragon if he's really gonna be Head guardian in the future. So yeah, I'm planning to finish this first before updating the others. seems I'm still braindead to think of my other stories at the same time. Please review!**

I haven't forgotten Toothless. He has his moment too.

I just noticed, The Lion King - Disney's deviation of Hamlet. The Lion King 2 - Disney's deviation of Romeo and Juliet.

Awesome!

10. Conflict

A/N: Hey, so after this is the last. I tried hard to twist this up, you know writing battle scenes isn't my area of expertise. Enjoy

Hina714, as much as I love mpregs, I don't put them unless I can give a good explanation. I mean, they're still guys after all. I only managed to make Slumber mpreg cause Jack is a winter spirit, so I just made up information that Spirits can produce offsprings gender aside. Why? Have you wanted this to turn out the same way? Well, I can tell for certain that if I did a THE CRIPPLED DRAKE sequel, (key word is IF) then yes there would be mpreg. If you have an account, you can vote on the poll for it. Also, if the Crippled Drake did win over, I'm planning to make the protagonist of the new movie BIG HERO SIX (did I get the title right?). Because there's a likeness of that kid to little Hiccup.

Disneyismylife, It's flattering that you like this story so much to re-read it three times. (front to back? What do you mean?) Thanks for the support.

Battle scenes are the bane of my fanfic existence.

I don't own anything.

^_^ A smile can save a life

Conflict

Darkness. That's the first thing Jack registered. It was dark, and it was cold, and he was scared. It was the first time he really couldn't handle the cold. But seeing as they were buried in a mountain of snow that was a given.

"J-Jack?"

"Hiccup, where are you?" Jack flailed in the darkness, trying to feel for something humanoid, to feel for Hiccup.

Somehow, it didn't occur to him he was able to move loosely despite being supposedly encased in an avalanche.

"I-I'm ri-right her-ear-here... Ja-ha-ck, I'm-mm c-cold..."

"Come here, follow the sound of my voice." Jack answered, his arms still stretched out until he finally felt what seemed to be Hiccup's arm. He gripped on to it and guided Hiccup towards him. Soon, he felt Hiccup's arms clutching on to him for dear life-or warmth-and Jack took hold of his cloak and wrapped it around himself and the younger male. "Better?"

"A-a bit... Jack, what a-are we g-going to do?"

"I don't know," Jack bit his lip. "let me think for a-"

His sentence was cut off when a flash of blue lit up for a moment. And in the next second, the snow was giving way, melting, and the two boys were in the clear, seeing the light of day. Jack blinked as he saw the only one who could've caused this.

"I thought you breathed out ice?" Jack said, as the dragon turned its head towards him. It bent its long neck lower to nuzzle the white-haired teen's chest fondly. Jack smiled, petting the dragon.

Hiccup cocked his head, noticing how the dragon's wings were quite wide, as if it could form a tent if it wanted to, and they were spreaded out above Jack and himself. He figured that was probably the cause as to why they were still able to move freely while encased in snow. The Dragon protected them.

The brunette reached out, stroking the dragon as well. "Thank you for helping us." he said, before turning to Jack. "Where did you meet this Fiery Coldbreath?"

"Fi-what?" Jack stared blankly.

"Fiery coldbreath." Hiccup repeated. "they're a rarity. Apparently, these guys can either create a misty vapor or gas, so they can breathe out either flames or ice. Although they usually go for ice, that's the coldbreath part."

"Figured that one out, did you know they also like fetching sticks?"

"Huh?"

"Nevermind," Jack dismissed, he dropped his hand from the dragon. Disappointed, the dragon pushed his head through Jack's arm. The teen didn't seem to mind. "Hiccup, what are we going to do now?"

Hiccup took on a serious expression. "We have to get back to Berk quick, I don't even want to think about how much time we lost under that avalanche." he said. "That gigantic Dragon was a Bewilderbeast, and it can manipulate the other dragons. If we don't stop Pitch, Berk will be runned to the ground before we can fix this division issue."

"How are we gonna get there though? We obviously can't go back the same way we got here." Jack pointed out. "unless you're suggesting we fly there."

Hiccup stared at Jack as if he grew a second head. "Seriously?" He couldn't help the smirk on his face. "Man, you really haven't been in

Berk long enough."

"Huh?" Jack raised a brow, wondering why Hiccup chose to point that out only now. When suddenly, something went under his legs, and he yelped, grasping for whatever it was, when he realized he was suddenly on the blue dragon's back. He blinked in realization. "Ohhh... I'm such an idiot."

Hiccup chuckled, mounting on to the Fiery Coldbreath and wrapped his arms around Jack's midsection. "Yes, yes you are. But you're my idiot, so I guess it's okay."

"Damn right." Jack grinned, patting the dragon on its side. "Well, Frostbite, let's get going then!"

Hiccup narrowed his eyes, "Frostbite? Really, you're going with that?"

"Well, why no-" he trailed off as Frostbite launched to the skies, leaving a trail of white flurry as he soared. "OOOH YEAAAH! GO BABY!"

~o~

Stoick landed back to the front of the manor, the same time Valka had. Toothless took off once again as the parents rushed to each other earnestly, hoping for the best. They've been searching for Hiccup and haven't had a wink of sleep. It was close to dawn already and they still didn't have a clue as to where he was. As parents, they were very frazzled. As if things wasn't worse enough, it seemed like angry clouds were forming and a blizzard was coming.

Toothless was the most anxious, it seemed. Unlike humans, creatures were incline to giving in to instincts. While the parents were trying to still remain on a grip of things, as rational beings, creatures didn't have time to consider being rational. His rider was missing, and he was freaking. Being the fastest dragon of all, Toothless circled the island above fifty times already, always stopping at the village long enough to check if Hiccup was back. If not, he would go off again.

The last time he went, he didn't come back.

Valka trusted her boy wasn't weak or helpless, she never judged him by appearance after all. But her mother instincts were telling her it was time to be worried. Especially since the last time they saw him, his emotions were quite unstable from the grief of Jack's exile.

Stoick, of course, somehow expected this to happen. His son never made things easy, that was for certain. Still, he has yet to acknowledge his fault in the matter. He only did what any chief would've done, it was for the best, it was...

"Did you find any trace of him?"

Stoick's heart sank as soon as Valka asked this. He had no findings on his end, so he was hoping it would be different with Valka. But as it was, she probably had no leads as well.

"No. I'm beginning to wonder if he left Berk."

"But where would he go?"

Before Stoick could answer, Gobber came rushing in. "Stoick, Stoick! We-!"

"Did you find him?" Stoick interrupted earnestly. "or any trace at all?"

Gobber rubbed his neck. "er... no, but we found sumthing else..."

"Gobber, please, I don't have time for other issues. If it has nothing to do with my son's wherabouts, then you and North handle it." he huffed, aggravated.

Gobber argued. "It's might involve Hiccup. Stoick, your nephew, he wants to speak to you."

"What?" Stoick blinked, taken aback. Valka is equally surprised. "Snotlout?" As soon as he said this, Astrid and Eret waltz in with Snotlout between them, hands cuffed with bounds.

Valka followed up questioned. "What are you doing here?"

Snotlout huffed, blowing bangs off that were bugging his eyes. "Good question! Now let me ask one. See, there's this guy who had this brother..."

"Spitelout?" Stoick deadpanned, raising a brow. He could tell where this was going.

"Hey, don't interrupt. So, see, he may or may not be your brother, but he is my father..." Snotlout went on, and Gobber face-palmed, Astrid narrowed her eyes and Eret snickered at the idiocy of the boy for his poor attempt of being hypothetical. "now for the question, say, he had a family who stabbed him in the back, disregarding the fact they were family!" he spat.

Stoick grunted. "I had no choice, Snotlout. He turned against me first, and therefore, he got the punishment all ye rebels got." he said defensively.

"But he wasn't a rebel!" Snotlout fumbled through his pocket and pulled out a note. "I only found this now, but it's been written years ago. I was suppose to get it to you."

Gobber snatched the note and went over to hand it to Stoick, so that Snotlout wouldn't have to get nearer. They still had to be careful that the boy doesn't assassinate the chief. Not that he could, really. But it's not smart to underestimate the enemy.

Stoick took the note and read it.

__**Snotlout, I don't have much time. I need you to get this message to Stoick, it's **__

__**the only way I can think of so they could take you back. The only reason I had us**__

**join Drago's cause was so I could play as a spy,I never expected to be dragged to **

**this accursed island by the Nightfury. Pitch is on to me, however. I may not live very**

**long. Hopefully, Pitch spares you since you're but a tyke now, and when he does, I hope**

**you find this letter and get yourself back to Berk.**

**May Odin be with you, my son**

Stoick blinked, looking up to meet Snotlout's gaze, "Where did you find this letter?"

"We were suiting up, and I thought it was about time I deserved to wear dad's helmet." Snotlout shrugged. "it fell out."

Valka took the note and read it herself. "So, is this why you're here? Are you hoping that we take you back and give you a home?" she asked curiously. "Stoick mentioned you were part of the ambush that caused his recent injuries,"

"Not exactly, I don't really care at this point. I only showed you that to clear dad's name and so that you'd at least hear me out." Snotlout said. "Hiccup's in danger."

Both widened their eyes. "You know where Hiccup is?"

Before Snotlout could respond to that, there was a stir. Both Cloudjumper and Thornado looked entranced, raising their heads before suddenly flying out.

"Thornado?!"

"Oy Grump, where ya think you're going?!" Gobber hollered, flabbergasted as his dragon flew off, following after Cloudjumper and Thornado. It usually took a lot to get his dragon to fly off rather than nap.

Valka blinked. "Cloudjumper?"

"What the devil...?" Stoick scrunched up his brows.

North and Thiana came rushing in, looking frazzled as if carrying an urgent news.

"Sir! The Outcasts are on the attack." Thiana gasped. "and they're taking control of the dragons, like Drago had years ago!"

"They're heading this way fast, seems they mean war!"

Stoick scowled, grabbing a battle axe, and Valka did the same, getting her staff. "Thiana! Continue the search for Hiccup!" he appointed, knowing she was the best in scouting, Thiana saluted and rushed out. "North, let's assemble the rest of the Guardians."

"Wait Stoick," Gobber called his attention. "What are we gonna do

with him?" he pointed to Snotlout.

Stoick stared at his nephew. "Snotlout, who's cause do you fight for now?"

"Huh?" Snotlout blinked, not expecting the question. "Uhh honestly, I haven't thought too far on that one."

Eret narrowed his eyes. "Doesn't seem like you gave much thought in anything." he said.

"Well, figure it out." Stoick took off, Valka following closely behind.

North finished the instruction. "Gobber, you lead him and rest of trainees as reinforcements if needed, keep close eye on him as well. Move! Now!"

~o~

The sun rises, but storm clouds were an overcast over the isle of Berk. The Guardians met with the enemies on the edge of the village, other non-guardians flanking their sides, seeing the spectacle. North's eyes widened at the sight of the gigantic Muddy Bewilderbeast. He didn't think he'd live to see a dragon that size, all their dragons circling around it.

The more horrifying scene was Pitch and the dragon he stood on... It was Toothless. North shook his head in dismay. "No."

Stoick gripped on his axe, glaring at Pitch overhead. In all honesty, without their dragons, that was the best he could do. Pitch had a self-satisfied smirk on his face.

"It's over, Stoick! Your son is dead!" Pitch sneered, and the Chief and his wife widened their eyes in disbelief. The Berkians muttered among themselves, having trouble grasping the information. "Now it's your turn. I have dreamed of nothing else for years!"

Eret huffed. "Boy... does he need a hobby."

Snotlout frowned, was warning Jack all for nothing? He refused to believe that.

"Lies!" Stoick glowered "Last chance Pitch: Go home!"

Pitch's smirk just looks menacing, and he sneers down at Stoick and the Berkians. "I am home!"

Thunder cracks overhead, as if Thor was all for the fight. The outcasts get on their offensive battle formation.

"Attack!"

A/N: I apologize to those whom I said I'd get it out earlier. Anyway, next one is the last

End
file.